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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Greatest National Weekly Newspaper In the United States.

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896. VOL. LXIV. NO. 3.

Poetry.

HOW HE HELPED HIMSELF.

"Help yourself, help yourself,, little boy, do;
Don't wait upon others to wait upon you."
Grandma was holding her afternoon chat,
Knitting and rocking away as she sat.

"Look at the birds, how they build their own nests;
Watch the brown bees always toiling their best;
Put your own hands to the plow if you'd thrive;
Don't waste your moments in wishing, but strive."
Up in her face looked a mischievous elf,
"Don't forget, darling," said she, "help yourself."

Afternoon shadows grew drowsy and deep,
Grandma was tranquilly folded in sleep;
Nothing was heard but the old farm-house clock,
Plodding along with its warning tick-tock.

Out from the pantry there came a loud crash;
Pussy jumped out from the hearth in a flash.
Back to her chair came this practical boy,
Steeped to the ears in jam, custard and joy.
Frightened, he cried, "Please, I've upset the shelf;
Grandma, I minded,, I did help myself."
—New York Evangelist.

BALLADE OF A CHARITY BALL.

Behold a type of modern society!
I am a brainless sawdust doll,
Dressed in style and prim as piety,
Not too short, nor an inch to tall.
Whether the moments fly or crawl
This gay scene to an ending nears,
Naught survives but a madrigal
After the lapse of a hundred years.

I am the pink of staid propriety
Poised in my newly painted stall,
Viewing the crowd with much sobriety;
Flirt of fan and flutter of shawl
Shadows dancing across the wall,
And gems that glitter in ladies' ears;
These will be dust in fate's grim thrall
After the lapse of a hundred years.

Faces fixed in jaded satiety,
Forms that are passing, great and small,
Endless changing and wide variety,
Conversations that rise and fall;
Some that beckon and some that call,
But none who pauses, or heeds, or fears;
What will be left of this carnival
After the lapse of a hundred years?

ENVOI.

Prince, I wait in a lighted hall
Thronged with a gathering of my peers
For we shall be equal, one and all,
After the lapse of a hundred years.
—Ernest McGaffey, in Chicago Post.

THE DIFFERENCE.

It's funny how our ideals change
As, year by year, we older grow
And learn the sorry lesson that
The more we know the less we know.

When I was twenty years of age
My callow heart was drowned in sighs
Anent a Dresden china maid
With sunlit hair and big blue eyes.

At twenty-five my ideal changed;
The girl I wished my lot to share
Was tall and svelte with hazel eyes
And cataracts of auburn hair.

And now at thirty I care not
If she be fair or otherwise,
Or if her hair be black or red
Or big or little be her eyes.

But she must be a maiden with
The knowledge and the skill to make
A wholesome, crusty loaf of bread
And cookies, pies and jelly cake.
—New York World.

Miscellany.

HOW OUR PRESIDENTS DIED.

Facts That Should be Known by All American Citizens.

George Washington—His death was the result of a severe cold contracted while riding around his farm in a rain and sleet storm on December 10, 1799, says Notes and Queries. The cold increased and was followed by a chill, which brought on acute laryngitis. His death occurred on December 14, 1799. He was 68 years of age.

John Adams—He died from old age, having reached his ninety-first milestone. Though active mentally, he was nearly blind and unable to hold a pen steadily enough to write. He passed away without pain on July 4, 1826.

Thomas Jefferson—He died at the age of 83, a few hours before Adams, on July 4, 1826. His disease was chronic diarrhoea, superinduced by old age, and, his physician said, too free use of the waters of the white sulphur springs.

James Madison—He, too, died of old age, and peacefully, on July 28, 1836. His faculties were undimmed to the last. He was 85.

James Monroe—At the time of his death, which occurred in the seventy-third year of his age, on July 4, 1831, it was assigned to no other cause than enfeebled health.

John Quincy Adams—He was stricken with paralysis on February 21, 1848, while addressing the speaker of the House of Representatives, being at that time a member of Congress. He died in the rotunda of the Capitol. He was 81 years of age.

Andrew Jackson—He died on June 8, 1845, 78 years old. He suffered from consumption, and finally dropsy made its appearance about six months before his death.

Martin Van Buren—He died on July 24, 1862, from a violent attack of asthma, followed by catarrhal affections of the throat and lungs. He was 80 years of age.

William Henry Harrison—The cause of his death was pleurisy, the result of a cold, which he caught on the day of his inauguration. This was accompanied with severe diarrhoea, which would not yield to medical treatment. His death occurred on April 4, 1841, a month after his inauguration. He was 68 years of age.

John Tyler—He died on January 17, 1862, at the age of 72. I have been unable to ascertain the cause of his death.

Zachary Taylor—He was the second President to die in office. He is said to have taken immoderately of ice water and cold milk, and then later a large quantity of cherries. The result was an attack of cholera morbus. Another authority attributes his death to a severe cold. The former seems the more likely. He was 66 years old.

Millard Fillmore—He died from a stroke of paralysis on March 8, 1874, in his seventy-fourth year.

Franklin Pierce—His death was due to abdominal dropsy, and occurred on October 8, 1869, in the sixty-fifth year of his life.

James Buchanan—His death occurred on June 1, 1868, and was caused by rheumatic gout. He was 77 years of age.

Abraham Lincoln—He was shot by J. Wilkes Booth at Ford's theatre, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865, and died the following day, aged 56.

Andrew Johnson—He died from a stroke of paralysis July 31, 1875, aged 67.

The deaths of Grant, Garfield, Arthur and Hayes are recent enough to be remembered by all.

It is Put in His Bill Later On.

Hicks—Come, now, I thing you're a little hard on the medical fraternity? There's Dr. Pellets, for example; I know he has done me lots of good.

Wicks—What! You don't mean to say that you take his stuff?

Hicks—Yes—some of the stuff he drops at draw poker.—Boston Transcript.

A Sure Test.

The Soulful Girl—What is the true test of poetry?

The Poet—Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper he may rest assured that it is a good thing.—Woonsocket Reporter.

A DAY AT CRIPPLE CREEK

CONSTANCE MERRIFIELD VISITS THE INDEPENDENCE MINE.

Stratton Takes Out Only $25,000 a Week, but the Portland Ores a Million.

Upon my table there lies a shining, precious nugget of gold. It was a New Year present to me from Mr. Stratton, the owner of the Independence Mine, of Cripple Creek. The nugget weighs thirty-five ounces of pure gold and is the largest one ever brought up. It was found an hour after my arrival at Cripple Creek, and Mr Stratton, the biggest mine owner in the world, generously handed it to me as a memento of my visit. "I ain't positive it's the biggest one we ever brought up," said he when he gave it to me, "but it's the biggest one you'll ever see if you go back to the city again. They don't grow 'em in town."

Cripple Creek to-day is the most interesting place I ever saw, and I know how the Sphinx looks from the banks of the Nile and have a very clear recollection of the Alhambra. The treasures of the old world are not in it with the treasures of our new one.

To reach Cripple Creek you must take a stage from Colorado Springs, or you can journey in a carry-all from Pike's Peak, where tourists go. Cripple Creek is at the foot of Pike's Peak. It isn't a "creek," as its name would lead you to believe, unless you want to think of the little tortuous stream that runs through it.

Cripple Creek is a settlement of streets and houses. The outside limits are about six miles square, but the people live in the middle where there is a street—Bennett avenue—which is the main street of the town. At each side of it there are houses, and branching each way are side streets—precisely as you would find in any little country place.

But the wonder of Cripple Creek is when you start out to "do" it, as I did just before New Year's day.

The same carry-all that had brought me to X——'s hotel from the stopping place of the stage coach called for me promptly in the morning and I got in, ready for the drive that promised such a wealth of excitement and discovery.

"I suppose ye'll do the Golden Circle first," said the guide, adding: "The Golden Circle is what we call the road that winds 'round through twenty hills and past forty gold mines. It's about ten miles long."

"he Golden Circle by all means," I said.

As he clicked up the mules—the only horses Cripple Creek owns as yet—the sun came out full and bright. "Is that Pike's Peak?" I asked, slanting my eyes upward to where its great black dagger slitted the face of the golden disk.

"That's Pike's Peak, and no mistake," said he, "and you're riding now through the country that was the Western war-cry a few years ago. I suppose ye ain't old enough to remember the 'Pike's Peak or bust' period, are ye? But I am! To Pike's Peak or bust I came 25 years ago. And I've lived here ever since. This street used to be my cow pasture. It's growed up in three months. Am I a rich man now? Well, Sis, I ain't a goin' ter talk. Talkin's dangerous in these parts now. But I'll only say that I own a mighty fine cow pasture now back of this here hotel, an' here, now, the folks scoop up their cow pasture soil an' sends it ter the smelting works, 'cause it's gold."

At this my guide looked at me cautiously, triumphantly. "It's pure gold," he repeated; "this hull country's gold—nothin' but gold. You bring up lots of it that needs to be smelted."

But we were past Bennett avenue now and into the real country. The grass was dead upon the hills and there were no cattle. But plenty of activity reigned. In the top of the first hill I saw a queer thing sticking up. It looked like a windmill, and it was turning and letting out queer sounds. "That's a new shaft," said my guide. "Them fellers there's got a grub stake and they're workin' it. They expect to find gold."

"What is a grub stake?" I asked.

"A grub stake," said my guide, "is a plot of land that ain't worth much of anything. A fellow that wants a grub stake goes out to work by the day until he gits about $50 saved. Then he buys a little hill from somebody and digs down for gold. Fifty dollars buys about 40 square feet of land that's been gone over and nothin' found yet. Them fellers found enough the first day's diggin' ter pay fur their shaftin'. Now they only got ter play with the shaftin gear. The gold does the rest.

"Hello, there's Stratton," exclaimed my driver, touching up the mules and turning them aside into a field. "Here, git out an' we will go over ter see him. He's at the Independence Mine now. That's his own property. No side partners. Stratton takes out almost all the gold from the Independence himself. He owns part of the Portland, too. But there's other fellers in that. He can't run it as he wants ter."

As I stepped from the carry-all a heavily built man who had been leaning over what looked like a coop on top of a small elevation of land, a few rods away, locked up. His face was seamed and his eyes had the dark concentrated look that I notice all the gold diggers wear.

When he saw he was to have a woman visitor he started toward us.

"That man," said my guide, as he walked up to meet Stratton, "is the only man in the world who doesn't want to know how much money he is worth. Hush! Don't ask any more questions. I'll tell ye all about him by and by.

Stratton, the man who doesn't want to know how much money he's worth, shook hands with us, greeted us in a few words, and invited us up to see the Independence mine at work.

Have you ever been to a gold mine? If you haven't you'll be disappointed the first time you see one.

We stood at the top of a little shafting apparatus hearing the sounds a few feet below and waiting for the signal. It came—a sharp twitching of the ropes! Then we all pulled up. The ropes work partly by machinery and partly by human aid, for the gearing of this great mine is still very crude.

We had only a few feet to lift, for the mine is so shallow you could easily see into it if the top structure were not built over it. Many of the mines are not deep at all; they are in the side of hills.

When the miners came up I was astonished to see that there were only six of them. They carried between them three small buckets. In the buckets were lumps about the size of your fist of dark rocks, skeckled with something yellow, and with greenish lines upon some of them. In one of the buckets lay a lump very large and all yellow. "That's pure gold," said Stratton. "You can have it. The Independence gave a great many of these pure gold lumps. Other mines you have to assay and smelt and work over them with syncide. But not this daisy little mine."

The men stood by smiling while the buckets were being emptied into a closed wagon bound with iron bands that stood nearby. "Here, boys, hitch on the mules, and haul the stuff to the works. And that'll do for to-day."

"Why, it's only 10 o'clock," I said. "Do you dismiss your men early when there's so much gold to be taken out of the earth?"

Stratton looked at me keenly. "Young woman," said he, "I thought you must be one of the smart ones, coming from civilization out to Cripple Creek. But I see you don't know any more than the rest of them.

"Young woman, I worked five years at carpentering and looking for gold. When I struck it I called it the Independence, because I knew it would make me independent for life. There's one over next to it I called Washington because I'm a patriot. But that one wasn't any account.

"This mine's got more gold in it than there is now in all the world. I could buy up England with the gold that's under here," tapping the earth with his foot. "But I don't want to.

"The gold is down there, and there it's going to stay until I know what to do with it. I bring up $4,000 worth a day, or $100,000 a month. That's enough for me at present. The men know it, too. If they make a mistake and bring up double the quantity they get laid off for a week and no pay. I want that money left down in the earth. You can't burn it, and you can't steal it when it's there.

"The other miners? Oh, they're different! The Portland took up a million in a week—yes, $1,000,000 in gold in a week. That was the week they were sinking their shaft. To get their shaft down they had to displace that amount of pure gold. But they needed it. The Portland is a company, you know. Has pesky stocks and buys up land and does all sorts of worrisome things. They need to get out their gold as fast as they can. But the little Independence isn't that way."

Here I could see that Mr. Stratton was getting tired, for he works nights I'm told, and sleeps daytimes, and we shook hands good-by with him.

We drove back to the town, for it was near noon, and the miners were coming home to dinner. Cripple Creek is so near the gold mines that a mine owner can easily go to his mine from his home, as a business man goes daily to his office. This is mining upon a new scale, and is so enjoyable that the men, working in the lots around, have discovered nearly fifty new mines inside a month, all worth at least $40 to a ton of ore. But this is small.

"You're riding upon a gold street now," grinned the guide as the mules pulled us along.

"A gold what?" I exclaimed, forgetting my manners.

"A gold street. This street is paved with nuggets. You don't believe it? Well, ye can.

"When we first found gold we had to have a smooth pavement ter cart the ore over. We hadn't contracts for any building stone out here, and we didn't know what to do. We need gold smelting works here more than we need gold. The ore lies in piles waiting to be worked. One of the mines had been shafting that day and the ore didn't come up well. It had only $25 worth of gold to the ton. That don't pay for the smelting here now.

"These nuggets is hard as iron,' said the owner. 'Fill up the street with them. An' I'll take my pay in havin' the street smooth, if ye won't ask me ter do any work on it.'

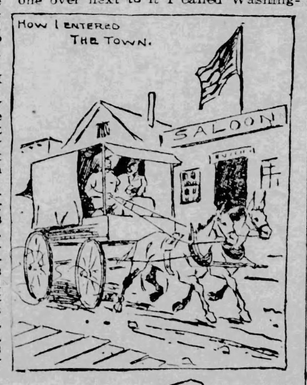
We took him up on his offer and filled up for a mile with gold ore. When the gold's all gone from here if it ever is, I reckon this pavement might sell for a dollar an inch, dug up.

"Well, now, I'll leave you," said he pulling up at the door of the saloon, back of which is the 'best hotel in the place.' And if you want ter admire the scenery back of yer winder, ye better do it this morning. It won't be there to-morrow.

"What do I mean?" he asked, laughing at my surprise. "I mean God's gospel truth. We're shipping the scenery now for certain. That hill over there is to be levelled this afternoon, and sent down to the works. We scraped it yesterday and found gold at the rate of $100 a ton. But that is nothin', when the Independence gets gold a thousand dollars to the ton in some spots.

"An', by the way, if you ever say anything about Stratton put it strong for him. He's the squarest man to be found in these parts. He's the backbone of Cripple Creek, money fool as he is!"

CONSTANCE MERRIFIELD.



"THAT'S THE BIGGEST NUGGET YOU'LL EVER SEE IF YOU GO BACK TO TOWN."

A WOMAN'S INSISTENCE.

She Thought the Clerk Didn't Know What She Wanted, but He Did.

Two pretty young women entered a large uptown grocery one evening last week, says the Philadelphia Press. From their conversation it was evident that they belonged to some boarding school in the neighborhood, and had stolen out for a few moments to buy dainties which they meant to smuggle to their rooms.

"There's one thing I don't like about the clerks in this store," said one of them, while they waited for the salesmen, "and that's the way they insist on telling you that you don't want what you do want and that you do want what you don't want. Every time I come in here I have the same experience, and I'm just tired of it. The next time it happens I'm going to tell the clerk just what I think of him."

At that moment a clerk approached and asked the young women what they wanted. The one who had so much to complain about pointed at one of a row of cracker tins and said:

"I want a pound of those."

"Oh, no, you don't," said the clerk, suavely, "you want some of these, or these here; they're all very nice."

The young woman threw a glance which said, "What did I tell you?" at her companion, and turning to the clerk said mercely:

"No, I don't, anything of the kind. I want those and no others."

"I beg your pardon," he began, "I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought," said the young woman. "I guess I know what I want. Now just let me have a pound of those, please," and she turned to her companion with a look of triumph on her face which plainly meant, "Didn't I squelch him?"

"Very well, madame," said the clerk, humbly, "but may I ask whether they are for yourself?"

"Well, of all the impertinent questions—" began the young woman, when her companion interrupted, and, turning to the clerk, said:

"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because they're dog biscuit," replied the clerk, indifferently. "Still, of course, if you want them you can have them."

"Never mind," faltered the young woman who had insisted on having what she wanted. "I guess I don't want anything at all," and she strutted out of the store looking very much ashamed, and followed by her companion, who was struggling to hide her laughter.

The clerk didn't say anything, but there was a satisfied smile on his face as he banged the cover down on the can of dog biscuit and walked away to wait on another customer.

MR. ZINSSER'S HOUSE MOVED.

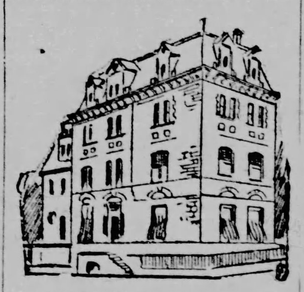
Its 4,755 Stones and Half a Million Bricks Put Up on a New Site.

Fifteen years ago August Zinsser, a merchant of William street, bought a large plot of ground on the northwest corner of Tenth avenue and Fifty-eighth street and erected a house costing nearly $100,000, says the New York Sun.

This house is now being removed piece by piece to two lots on the south side of Sixty-eighth street, 125 feet west of Central Park. The work is nearly finished. The cost of the removal will be equal to about one-half of the original cost of the house.

The house is a four-story structure, the first story being of cut rough brown stone, and the rest of brick. The stones were each numbered when taken from the old site, and replaced in a similar position on the new site. There were 4,755 of these stones. The bricks numbered about half a million, and they have all been cleaned off and placed in the new house. All the woodwork, which was made to order, is also being transferred.

When he built the house on its original site, Mr. Zinsser hoped to make the locality a residence quarter for wealthy New Yorkers. The erection of the many extensions to Roosevelt Hospital, the erection of the Vanderbilt clinic, the Sloane Maternity Hospital, and the gas works, all within a block, defeated his ambition. He had been so much joked about his



MR. ZINSSER'S HOUSE.

project by his many friends that he became very touchy upon that point, so when he resolved to move his house, he said nothing about it, and but few of them even know that what they have always termed Zinsser's folly has migrated. It looks very much as if Mr. Zinsser had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire in moving his mansion, for the block of ground just south of the new site of his house has just been purchased for the erection of a riding academy.

What Made Him Think of It?

Barber—Hair cut, sir?

Customer—No, just a shave. Be as quick as you can ,too.

"Yes, sir. (Pause.) Got to make a train, sir?"

"No. Got to go to a lecture."

(Another pause.) "Scientific lecture?"

"No. Bob Ingersoll."

(Still another pause.) Like to have your hair singed, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted to Repeat It.

Bobby—Papa, Jack Mason said his father gave him 50 cents, and—

Papa—Well?

Bobby—I'd like to say the same of you.—Harper's Bazar.

Would Like to Investigate.

She—Are my shoes tied?

He—Yes, so far as I can see.—Truth.

Our New Serial Story.

THE MYSTERY OF AVENUE D.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BLADE BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER I.—THE MURDER.

The circumstances attending the murder of Wilford Latimore were not more remarkable than the majority of murders recorded in the United States. The motive was plain; robbery was the aim; the greater crime followed the lesser is a necessary sequel. The burglars or burglar was discovered in the act and in the struggle that ensued Mr. Latimore lost his life. The presumption that the murder was committed to prevent exposure of the burglars was universal.

The house, on avenue "D," in which the murder was committed, like all the dwellings upon the avenue, which was wholly given up to residences, occupied the middle of the lot. The intervals between the residences varied in appearance as the tastes of the owners suggested, displaying more or less lawn or shrubbery. The diversity of the plants and trees, rather than the uniform location of the shade trees proved the chief charm of the avenue.

A large reception hall and salon parlor on the right occupied the front part of the first floor. There was a library in the rear of the parlor, a dining room adjoined the library, a large pantry and the kitchen completed the first floor. A hall extended from the reception hall straight back to the kitchen. The front room on the second floor extended over the reception hall and front portion of the house. A door communicated with another almost as large, in which were three windows, two in the side of the house similar in dimensions to those in the front and second rooms, and a very wide or double window overlooking a porch that extended the length of the dining room and kitchen. A handsome porch was built across the entire front. There were four chambers on the upper floor, similar to those on the second floor. The house was evidently built for comfort and convenience with abundance of light and due regard to ventilation.

The theory generally accepted was that the burglars climbed upon the roof of the rear porch and entered the window of the third room overlooking it. It was surmised that the servant had neglected to adjust the fastenings on the rear window.

The occupants of the houses nearest that occupied by the Latimores were alarmed one morning in April by a succession of shrieks.

The neighbors beheld a servant standing in front of the house occupied by the Latimores waving her hands frantically. Soon another appeared in the doorway. This was Miss March, a friend of Mrs. Latimore's. Her agitation equalled the servant's. To crown all, Mrs. Latimore appeared in the doorway.

The occupants of the house opposite saw her clasping and unclasping her hands in a helpless way as she pushed past Miss March.

She stood swaying from side to side, then fell at full length in the doorway.

Two young men, brothers, ran across the street and bore her into the house. The servant in the meantime cried incoherently.

Failing to extract any information from her, the neighbors rushed into the house. Miss March was occupied with Mrs. Latimore striving to revive her. She was alone with her friend.

There was more or less confusion—fruitless inquiries—unsatisfactory responses.

Finally some of the men ran through the hall and ascended the stairs. There they almost stumbled over the body of Wilford Latimore.

He was lying on his right side with his right arm doubled under him. Pools of blood lay on the carpet; blood trickled from the dead man's left hand in a little stream in the sole clear space in the room. The color and condition of the blood apprised all that the crime had been committed in the early morning hours.

Latimore's face was gashed in a horrible manner. A great slash extended from the upper right temple across his face to his chin. It destroyed the right eye, opened his left cheek in a frightful manner, severed the nose completely and sliced off a portion of the chin.

Careful investigation subsequently warranted the opinion that these wounds were made by a single powerful sweeping stroke.

The death blow, however, was dealt from the back in the right side. The police arrived at the conclusion that Latimore's assailants speedily got the upper hand of him. The disfiguring stroke was delivered by an assailant square in front of him. Finding himself outmatched, Latimore had turned to the door opening into the hall in his flight and received the disfiguring blow; then he was suddenly twisted around and the deadly thrust that terminated his life on the instant given. The post mortem examination proved that death was instantaneous; the knife penetrated to the heart.

The window overlooking the rear porch was open; the murderers escaped through it.

A large drawer in an escritoire was open; papers were strewn over the floor; others in the escritoire were disarranged. A purse containing a considerable sum of money was missing; notes to the amount of $11,000 had disappeared.

The testimony of Miss March, Mrs. Latimore and one servant subsequently proved that Latimore kept his valuable papers and money in the escritoire many days at a time. The inference was natural, therefore, that his life was sacrificed that the burglars might avoid detection.

There was no witness to the silent and deadly conflict; no sound was heard. Mrs. Latimore, who was sleeping in the next room, was undisturbed; Miss March, who occupied a room in the rear overlooking the porch, heard no sound; the household slept serenely until the servant awoke at her accustomed hour. Passing down the stairway she observed a door open, an unusual circumstance. Glancing through the door, she was startled upon observing a man's ankles on the floor. She pushed the door open, then fled from the house shrieking and could not be induced to re-enter it that day. Her shrieks aroused Miss March and her mistress.

Patient investigation prolonged over a week resulted in a verdict of "wilful, deliberate murder" (the usual form), but no clue was found to the murderers.

As usual the mystery began where the coroner's jury ended. Why did Latimore, who impressed all with whom he had dealings as a man thoroughly conversant with business methods and forms, and evidently familiar with the practical affairs of life, furnish an incentive to burglars by keeping large amounts of money in the house? Especially when he had a bank account, and a box in a safe deposit, why did he run unnecessary risks? And why had he committed the additional inexplicable folly of risking his life in a conflict with the burglars, and finally how was the terrible tragedy, however brief, enacted without arousing his wife, or attracting the attention of her friend, Miss March?

A rigid examination disclosed the fact that the occupants of No. 77, avenue D, retired at the usual hour. The servant testified that the ladies had retired at the usual hour. The servant testified that the ladies had retired when she went to bed; Latimore was smoking, looking over some papers in the room adjoining the apartment his wife slept in. The testimony warranted the conclusion generally arrived at; that Latimore was aroused by a noise and not wishing to alarm his wife rose silently and passed into the adjoining room. The encounter, unexpected by the victim, was anticipated by the burglars. In all probability Latimore had not time to call for help, or possibly, mindful of the risk his wife would incur, he struggled manfully in silence until he received his death blow.

A feature of the inquest was the insane grief of his widow, who could scarcely be induced to leave the room in which the remains lay, five minutes. She sat beside the casket from morning to nightfall; throughout the night—no appeals, no arguments, nothing that could be said in the way of remonstrance dissuaded her from her purpose; she was resolved to remain beside the casket containing her husband's remains. Force was required to remove her from the room a few minutes while the coroner's jury were deliberating; at the end of five minutes the doctor deemed it wisest to permit her to return to the room.

She refused to permit the remains to be buried on the fourth day; she sat beside the casket without intermission four days and three nights; she persisted, despite all the doctor could do to prevent her from accompanying the remains to the cemetery on the fifth day, and fainted at the grave.

The murder was a three days' sensation, which gave place to a scandal involving the highest circles in the land. It was forgotten by the public before a tenth of the mystery involved was suspected by the public or press.

Latimore's life was insured to a large amount. One-third was for the benefit of his wife; the remainder secured those associated with him in business enterprises the success of which depended solely upon the capability and honesty of Latimore, the promoter, the originator, head and brains of schemes that had now passed into the limbo of great projects.

When his box in the safe deposit was opened in the presence of the widow and the representative of the company which depended wholly upon Latimore's knowledge and business capacity, policies to the amount of $500,000 were discovered. Two of these were for the sum of $200,000 each and one was for $100,000.

The newspapers had not discerned the shell much less scented the kernel of the mystery of Avenue D.

Two weeks after Latimore was buried the new servant at number 77 received a card from a visitor she ushered into the parlor.

The visitor, a middle-aged gentleman, was dressed in gray. His gray hair was close cut, his beard neatly trimmed. His figure was spare, his movements wiry. There was nothing in his manner or dress that indicated his business, yet people who had dealings with him were impressed with an unmistakable alertness which was revealed in his eyes and the manner in which he carried his head, which was well set on his shoulders. This, and a certain precision were remarked by men who had served in the army.

The visitor was contemplating the pattern of a rug when a clear voice in the hall said: "Come upstairs doctor."

The visitor advanced to the door.

"I beg your pardon, sir." Miss March, who stood at the head of the landing descended quickly, looking inquiringly at the visitor, who bowed.

"I gave my card to the servant—my name is Maxwell."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Maxwell. Mrs. Latimore expected you yesterday. The front room."

She stepped aside to let him pass. The light in the front room was subdued. The April sun, bright, warm and revivifying was excluded. The visitor was arrested on the threshold by a soft voice.

"Excuse me. I do not feel equal to the task of rising. You will find a seat by the table. You are my first visitor Mr Maxwell. Charlotte," the low voice continued, "will you open the blind a little more."

The visitor lifted a hand quickly. "It is not necessary. There is abundant light." Then after a brief pause, "You received my note?"

Mrs. Latimore inclined her head. The widow's gaze, which was fixed upon the visitor when he began to speak, now rested upon the floor. A hand, her left, lay in her lap; her right moved nervously over her heart, the fingers apart. The visitor observed the sudden closing of the open hand in her lap as it pressed the folds of her dress and thought that he interpreted it aright. He looked earnestly, keenly at the silent figure with the waxlike complexion. There was not a vestige of color in her face as she turned to him. Her face and hands were ghastly, deathlike in their whiteness.

"It is necessary to observe a form—we are compelled to make certain inquiries," said Mr. Maxwell.

"Yes."

The voice might have come from above, from any quarter of the room; it sounded so faint and distant. If a sound could be uttered by human lips without inflection—a monosyllable issuing from illimitable space be lost again in space, such a sound might resemble the single word uttered by Mrs. Latimore. It was a sigh voiced upon a plane from which all earthly thoughts and feelings were excluded; it seemed like an echo from another world.

Mr. Maxwell looked at her intently, then continued very deliberately, "You are doubtless aware that you are expected to confirm by your deposition the correctness of the coroner's verdict, and I assume that you are prepared to subscribe to a statement which will remove all doubts should any exist concerning the identity of the victim of a horrible crime."

Miss March moved silently back of Mrs. Latimore's chair. The widow drew a long breath, lifted her eyes and looked at Mr. Maxwell steadfastly.

"I understand," she said in level tones in which there was no shade of human feeling. It seemed as if all emotion, all sense of feeling had been stamped, wrung out of them. "I will make the necessary attitement."

Miss March darted forward none too soon, as Mrs. Latimore's head fell forward. Mr. Maxwell arose at the same instant. Miss March's voice reassured him.

"I expected it; you will find water in the pitcher on the table beside you—there is a glass there."

The pitcher and glass were placed to her hand.

"Now if you will clap her hands"—the bell rang as she spoke. "The doctor—there is no occasion for alarm. These fainting spells are not as frequent as they were. She pictured it to herself all over again."

She raised her voice, "Tell the doctor to come up at once."

The doctor uttered three words as he entered, "Just in time." He gave a passing glance at the visitor, then said in the tone of command frequently heard in the chambers of the sick, "Help me to lift her on the bed; she will be better there." He turned coolly to the mantel, lifted a bottle, removed the cork and held the bottle under Mrs. Latimore's nose, saying, "Was there anything unusual?"

Miss March answered quickly: "This is Mr. Maxwell, doctor."

"I represent the Globe Assurance company." Mr. Maxwell paused, then added: "The business that brings me here admitted of no further delay."

The doctor was bending over Mrs. Latimore inclining an ear. "She will revive presently." He spoke in a matter of fact way. "You need not be alarmed. "You can remain and finish your business as well as any other day."

Maxwell raised a hand deprecatingly. The patient sighed. The doctor applied the bottle to her nostrils again, saying, "A little excitement may do her good. She must be roused out of this torpor in some way; she must have something else to think about than the death of her husband; something that will divert her mind; she must not be permitted to brood over the incidents of the past week. If you will remain and talk business to her, Mr. Maxwell, it may prove very beneficial to her. You must not think you are in any way to blame for this fainting spell.

Miss March added in an ordinary tone, "She will be able to talk to you in a few minutes, Mr. Maxwell."

"I will not remain longer to-day." Maxwell rose. "I will call to-morrow for the necessary signatures to some papers. Mentally Maxwell resolved to delegate the task to another. Miss March accompanied him to the door. As Maxwell walked away his innermost thought was: "That doctor is an ass; death never was written more plainly in human face. A double murder; she will not survive the shock three months."

CHAPTER II.

MAXWELL'S THEORY.

When Maxwell returned to his hotel two telegrams awaited him. The first (in cypher), read: "Spare no expense in establishing watch upon Mrs. Latimore's actions. Advice by mail."

Maxwell frowned. "Absurd. The angel of death is installed there now."

The second dispatch was also in cypher; it read thus: "Ambrose Fitch left Denver for New York on the 18th. Due in B., 5:30. Eastern end covered. Cover B." Maxwell compressed his lips. Zealous, alert and indefatigable as he had proved himself to be, the company did not rely upon his unaided efforts and judgment in this case. The company had sources of information, evidently reliable, that Maxwell had no knowledge of, which he had not even surmised.

So the president of the Consolidated Crossus Mines was on his way East. There was nothing strange in that, it was anticipated—he had provided for the move. And if he stopped on his way to consult with Mrs. Latimore, that was also very natural. He could not do less—common courtesy, say nothing of obligations social and business intercourse imposes, compelled him to call upon the widow of his deceased partner. True, the journey was made a day earlier than that designated by Mr. Fitch; however, there was not much in that. It would be the same in either case; he would visit the widow before going on to New York. If there was a vestige of ground for suspicion, the president of the Consolidated Crossus Mines would not be so stupid as to pass through B without calling upon Mrs. Latimore.

As for the nature and substance of the interview, Maxwell trusted to the provisions he had already made. There was but one thing more to do. In case Mr. Fitch met the doctor either at the doctor's office or at Fitch's hotel, the fact must be ascertained. But effort for the present must end there. It would be imprudent to give the slightest cause for suspicion, and it would be impossible to ascertain what passed between them.

However it was a very simple matter to establish a close watch upon the doctor's movements, while as for the hotels, Maxwell would examine the registers himself. He could complete the round in an hour.

Maxwell looked at his watch. It lacked a quarter of one; there was ample time to make the necessary arrangements.

He turned to a city directory. Five minutes later he was on his way to a private detective agency. His business was brief; his instructions simple, easily obeyed. He desired a description of every person who called upon Dr. Glyde between 6 p. m. and 5 a. m. the following morning, and a complete record of the calls the doctor made in the same hours. He paid half the fee when he left his order and signed an agreement to pay the remainder when satisfied that the work was accomplished.

Maxwell next visited the superintendent of police. The superintendent immediately gave him audience. Maxwell lost no time in ascertaining the professional, social and political standing of a dozen well known physicians; Dr. Glyde was among the number.

The superintendent learned that Maxwell represented the Globe Assurance Company.

At 9:05 that evening Maxwell received a special delivery letter from New York which read thus: "We are in receipt of a communication from the United States Mutual Life the tenor of which confirms the impression that the extraordinary scrutiny at first contemplated in the Latimore case will be insufficient. The response made by the American Life, so far from allaying, strengthens the suspicions already expressed in former letters. Inquiry develops incidents in the life of Wilford Latimore which are inconsistent with his later professions and reputation. Furthermore, we have learned that his financial rating was somewhat misleading—he was greatly overrated—but whether this was through design, or procured by Latimore, or the result of gross negligence we are not prepared to prove at present.

The American Life is convinced that fraud has been practiced and a crime is concealed. The inference is that Fitch and the widow connived at the crime—that Latimore was removed in pursuance of a deliberate plot. They have received a detailed report from an agent who has been on the ground six days. It is the conclusions arrived at by this agent—a man of experience—that prompts the following instructions, which you will carry out to the letter in this instance, suspending your own judgment for the present.

It is imperative to ascertain at the earliest moment the relations existing between Fitch and Mrs. Latimore. It may be necessary to interview all who have been employed in any capacity in No. 77, avenue D, for that purpose. It will be essential to fix the exact dates of any visits Fitch has made.

The exact nature of the relations between Miss March and Mrs. Latimore are now matters of the utmost importance since in the event of the death of Mrs. Latimore the report submitted to the American Life intimates that the widow will leave her everything she owns.

Fitch advised us on the 8th by wire that he could not leave Denver until the 15th. We were advised by wire on the 18th that he would leave Denver on the 19th. To-day an agent wired us that he left Denver 15 minutes after his message to us was filed.

You will realize the importance of establishing a watch upon every individual in No. 77.

This letter, signed by the president of the Globe Assurance, Maxwell folded carefully, signing meanwhile like a man compelled to listen to an unwelcome communication. He placed the letter into his pocket, meditated a few moments, glanced at his watch, shrugged his shoulders and turned to the table near him. Picking up a sheet of paper carelessly he singled out a pen and wrote the following in reply:

"Ambrose Fitch arrived in B. to-day at 5:42. He registered at the hotel St. George, and visited Mrs. Latimore about 6:30. A servant received his card. Miss March met him at the door and was present throughout his interview with Mrs. Latimore. His manner was that of a man manifesting a friendly interest in the health and welfare of a his former associate in business. Mrs. Latimore was deeply affected twice during the interview. There was but one reference to money matters during the visit, when Mr. Fitch incidentally alluded to his journey. It was to the effect that in all probability the various companies would discharge their obligation, but in case Mrs. Latimore needed either funds or any assistance he could give her. Mr. Fitch would experience pleasure in serving her. This offer was rendered to Miss March, who accompanied him to the outer door. He expressed concern to Miss March regarding Mrs. Latimore's health. There was nothing throughout the interview to warrant the inference that fraud was practiced, or that Fitch was actuated by other than friendly motives. This information is derived from the servant that admitted Mr. Fitch, one of the most capable assistants I have employed. I am in receipt of reports from her—they will be forwarded in due season. I will keep you.

"You will see from the above that anticipated your wishes and will keep close watch upon Mrs. Latimore's movements and paper left by the deceased. The daily visits of Dr. Glyde, a huge man and milk. Not a pound of tea or sugar into the house unknown to Latimore's agent. I am of the opinion that the doctor is in the form the attack of Life suggests.

"I have also arranged to have an examination by an eminent physician, Felix Glyde. He is one of the most successful physicians in the city, a professor and scientist.

"Finally, it is my duty to say that I do not see anything in the letter to warrant the opinion that Fitch is a swindler, in the ordinary sense of the word. Doctor Glyde and Fitch may be associates, it is impossible for them to be anything more, my knowledge, a warrant for any opinion on the movements of Fitch, which will be maintained unless I am satisfied that neither [illegible] will be guided in future by the instructions imparted in your letter, suspending my own judgment as requested. This will necessitate a watch upon Fitch in New York that I can not be responsible for.

"Awaiting further instructions, I remain, respectfully,

"ALEXANDER MAXWELL."

Maxwell folded this letter rapidly, enclosed and addressed it, handed it to the messenger summoned, who stood awaiting his orders, and who instantly disappeared, then straightened himself in his chair mentally exclaimed:

"Let them put that in their pipe and smoke it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

An Experiment That Combines Pleasure and Instruction.

All of you have noticed, perhaps, that the first drops of rain, when a shower comes up, falling upon the dust of a road, assume the form of little balls and rebound or roll about as if they were elastic. This is

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Cousinship.

A. J. D., Fleming, Mo., writes: "Thomas is the uncle of Alex. Thomas married his cousin, and Alex. married his second cousin. Their wives are sisters. What kin are their children? Please answer and settle a controversy."

The nearest relationship is the only one that is counted in such cases. As the mothers are sisters, the children are first cousins, and the relationship between the fathers and mothers does not figure.

The editor of the Bureau has an example of this in his own person. A brother and sister of one family married a sister and brother of another family. The children of the two couples thus have exactly the same blood, on both sides, but they only count themselves first cousins. The editor aforesaid is one of those children.

It may be well to remind you that Alex. is not second cousin to his wife. They are first cousins once removed. Second cousins are both the children of first cousins.

The Tower of Babel.

C. B., Sarcoxie, Mo.: There is no doubt the tower of Babel stood on the plain of Babylon, but the question we answered did not ask where it was, but how it was built. Our answer was correct as to this. The picture of Rollin's Ancient History, and in many Bibles, and children's books, are wholly imaginary. There is no description that is authentic, and Rollin's statements about it have no foundation in history.

The "Old Roman."

J. D. W., Elbert, Colo., asks: "Please explain why the late Allen G. Thurman was called the Old Roman."

The name was given by some enthusiastic Democratic admirers, because of Thurman's incorruptibility, and fancied resemblance in character to the ancient Roman senators.

Japan and China.

H. A. S., Concordia, Kan., asks: "Did Japan secure any territory from China, as a result of the late war, and what was the amount of money paid by China to Japan?"

The treaty of Shimonoseki provided, first, that China acknowledged the independence of Korea; second, that Japan should have possession of the island of Formosa, and occupy the Lalo-Tung peninsula; third, that China should pay Japan 200,000,000 taels—about $150,000,000 gold value.

Russia objected to the Japanese occupation of the Lalo-Tung peninsula, and Japan yielded that point. So Japan got Formosa and the indemnity above [illegible]. All the facts, with an excellent map, appeared in the Weekly Blade [illegible].

[illegible] Y., asks: "Why do [illegible] maps of the surfaces [illegible] of a square or [illegible]ing it must make [illegible] Asia, North Amer[illegible] proportion to the [illegible] by the equator? [illegible]makers do, must [illegible] to one degree of [illegible]les as it does on [illegible]

[illegible]p of any of the [illegible]northern hemis[illegible]t the parallels [illegible]tor, while the [illegible] the pole. There [illegible]presenting the [illegible] plane surface, [illegible] you appear to [illegible]n portions wider [illegible]. The proportions

[illegible]at the northern [illegible]lude many more [illegible]an the southern, [illegible]for a map looks [illegible]red in this way [illegible]sproportion in the [illegible]nted.

Trouble.

[illegible] writes: "Will you [illegible] me some reasons [illegible]ould be justified in [illegible]t England?"

[illegible]de of the United [illegible]reat Britain shall [illegible]y which belongs of [illegible] The commissi[illegible] just appointed, is to determine as between [illegible] what territory belongs [illegible] Venezuela. If Great Britain persisted in the attempt to take such Venezuelan territory, it might lead to a war with England.

The justification for such a war on our part would be the same as justifies a man in protecting a boy on the street from abuse by a bully.

The great question is: Shall the consent of the United States be given to an European power's conquest of territory belonging to a South American republic, and, in this case, as it happens, to a republic of prominence among its fellows, and overlooking the Gulf of Mexico and the site of the Nicaragua canal?

He would be contemptible as a patriot and a man failure as a business man who would answer "Yes" to this question.

Mineral Deposits.

J. W., Pottertown, Ky., writes to ask about a deposit of clay, which he says "is as black as jet; seems almost greasy. There are also fine shiny particles mingled with it which I think are sand. From the texture of this clay, I think surely it will be valuable in some way. Will you give me all the instructions you can how to proceed to develop the same?"

The first thing to do is to have it examined by an expert mineralogist. Write to the "Professor of Geology," at some college in your state—Georgetown College, Georgetown; or Kentucky University, Lexington, or any other—ask him what he will charge to make an analysis and determine for what purposes it can be used, or to direct you to some mineralogist who does that kind of work. Then you can send several pounds by express for the purpose.

Ice Manufacturing.

I. G., Perkasie, Pa., asks for information "in regard to manufacturing ice. Can it be done on a small scale to pay, from five to ten tons per day? What would it cost to put up an establishment of that capacity, and what would it cost to manufacture it per ton, labor at $1.50 per day?"

We are unable to give the information desired. You should consult the manufacturers of icemaking machinery. All large newspapers use ice plants and they can give you the names of manufacturers. The latter can refer you to plants already in operation, of whose owners you can get figures as to cost and profits.

Poem Wanted.

C. W. V., Lakeview, Mich., writes: "For two years I have been looking for a certain poem, or old song. I think the title is 'In the Down Hill of Life.' One verse runs something like this:

In the down hill of life, where I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be,
Than an ambling, fat pony to pace o'er the lawn,
And a cat that o'erlooks the wide sea;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor the honors that await him to-morrow."

Who can send us a copy to be printed in the Old Favorites?

Prohibition States.

W. S. H., Bedford, Mo., asks: "What states have adopted Prohibition laws? About what per cent of the drunkenness did Prohibition laws in Iowa, Kansas and Massachusetts do away with? Are Prohibition laws in general a success in the United States?"

Maine, Iowa, Kansas and South Dakota are, we believe, the only states which have state-wide prohibition. Many other states, especially in the South, have local option laws which make large portions of their area prohibition. Prohibition laws diminish the general drinking, but men who have a taste for liquor will get it illegally, and there is plenty of drunkenness among that class in those states. Prohibition laws are successful in localities where a strong majority of the public sentiment upholds them. Their chief value is in preventing young men from becoming drinking men; for a man who has no desire to drink will not hunt in holes and corners for the means of violating the law.

National Banks.

C. W. L., Rising Sun, Tex., asks: "Do you, as an advocate of Republicanism, endorse the present national banking system of the United States and believe it to be a benefit to the common people as well as to national bankers?"

Most certainly. However, the banking system should not be made the matter of party politics, for on a sound and careful system rests much of the prosperity of the business of the country. The writer well remembers the days of "wild cat" banking before the war, and realizes the vast advantage of the national system in protecting note-holders, and thus making national bank notes current at par in every portion of the country. We favor the system of national control of all banks of issue, and are willing to see the system perfected and improved when experience shows the way. We believe the banks could safely be allowed to issue up to the par value of the bonds deposited, instead of 90 per cent., as now. We think that the power to establish branches (but without note issuing powers) should be given them. We think that the minimum capital stock allowed should be set at a lower figure, so as to encourage the establishment of banks in smaller towns. There is much ignorant, though sincere, opposition to banks, which would all pass away if people understood, from practical experience, the solid advantage of good banks.

Vanderbilt's Remark.

C. D. N., Berrien Springs, Mich., asks: "Under what circumstance and by what railroad magnate is the now famous remark 'The public be d——d,' alleged to have been made?"

It was attributed to the late William H. Vanderbilt, who died in 1885. The story was that somebody was endeavoring to induce him to adopt some alleged improvement in the cars of the New York Central road—trying to sell him a worthless patent—and urged that its adoption would be a benefit to the public. "The public be d——d!" was said to have been Vanderbilt's reply, as he closed the interview. The phrase was taken up by demagogues, and given as an illustration of the sentiment of all railway men toward the people. Vanderbilt denied the whole story, time and again, and it is probably untrue.

Garfield's Nomination.

"Please state who presented Garfield's name at the Chicago convention of 1880. Also how many ballots were taken after his name was presented. Also how many ballots were taken in all."

Garfield's name was not presented formally before that convention. On the 34th ballot, the Wisconsin delegation gave Garfield 36 votes. On the 36th (the last ballot) the convention broke to him, giving him 399 votes, which nominated him. The nomination, on motion, was made unanimous.

The Phonograph.

L. C. H., Oregon, Wis., asks: "When and by whom invented, the first talking machine, phonograph or otherwise? Has any one else invented a talking machine except Edison?"

Edison was the inventor of the phonograph, which is the only machine ever invented to reproduce human speech. There have been improvements upon it invented by others since that, but the principle is original with Edison.

Miscellaneous.

W. E. G., Nelson: We have not a copy of either.

W. R. C., Burton, Tenn.: We can not tell whether we will publish any article offered until we have read it.

W. A. T., Sisterville, W. Va., asks for the poem, "The Closing Year." Who will send us a printed copy?

R. S., Maquoketa, Iowa: We fear we can not help you this time. We do not recall any which are peculiar to that period.

U. G. W., Keyser, W. Va.: Write to your Representative in Congress and ask him to send you a copy of the "Labor Bulletin."

J. L. Q., Whiteburg, Tenn.: We think the present wife of Rev. Dr. Talmage is a sister to his first wife. The story that he saved here from drowning at the time his wife was drowned is a falsehood.

L. O. C., Bank, Tenn.: Abraham Lincoln was the first President to issue a proclamation asking the nation to observe Thanksgiving Day, and the precedent has been followed yearly by his successors.

N. C., Aaron, Mo.: We can not furnish the "Old War Songs" we published several years ago. S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, O., publish "Old War Songs, North and South," containing both words and music. Write to them.

E. A., Racine, O.: We never heard of "Russian white metal." A letter addressed to "Largest Manufacturer of Cheap Jewelry, Attlebero, Mass.," would probably find what you want, as that is the seat of the cheap jewelry industry.

J. A., Jonesville, Mich.: Consumption is believed to be curable in its early stages. The Koch treatment has not realized the expectations of its inventor as yet. Consult some up-to-date physician who is familiar with the latest investigations on this subject.

S. S. H., Kunkle, O.: Probably 15-cent restaurants in cities are profitable because of the large custom. If the proprietor makes a clear profit of only 1 cent a meal, if he sells 500 a day, he clears $5 profit. A blower, properly used, does not injure boiler tubes.

W. H. C., Hermosa, Colo.: Ginseng has never been successfully cultivated. It grows in damp woods on the mountain sides in the Alleghanies, and requires shade and moisture. It is propagated from the root, like the potato. We never heard of the song, "Red River Valley."

A LONG THROW.

A Place Where a Stone Can be Thrown Seven Miles.

The New York drummer was leaning gracefully on the bar talking.

"You may not believe me," he said, "but when I was down in Kentucky, in October, I stood on a bit of high ground in Breathitt county and threw a stone into the Kentucky river, then, without moving my feet, though I turned my body slightly, I threw another stone seven miles down the river."

"Rats!" interrupted a party who had heard drummers' stories before.

"It's a true bill," insisted the narrator. "It was just seven miles from where the first stone struck the water to where the second one hit, and I'm not a base ball player, either."

After some discussion the drummer held up his hand and swore to his story, and then explained that at Jackson, in Breathitt county, the Kentucky river swings around a bend for seven miles and comes back to within 98 feet of itself, and a man, standing on the narrow ridge separating the waters, can easily toss a stone into the river right or left, thus making a throw of seven miles up or down the river, as the case may be.

This is the true state of the case.—New York Sun.

He Would Know Him Again.

Officer—Why didn't you salute me, sir?

Sandy (a recruit)—I've jist jined, man, an' I didna' ken it was necessary!

Officer—You must salute me when you see me. You'll know me again?

Sandy—Oo aye, sir, I'd ken that muckle queer nose o' yours amang fifty!—Fun.

Explanatory.

May—They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumpleigh is broken. How did it happen?

Carrie—It is no great mystery. The fact is he was too fresh to keep that's all.—Boston Transcript.

Is Your Blood Pure

If it is, you will be strong, vigorous, full of life and ambition; you will have a good appetite and good digestion; your sleep will be sound and refreshing; your nerves will be strong; you will have little need to fear disease in any form.

But how few can say that their blood is pure! How many people are suffering daily from the consequences of impure blood, scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, and

That Tired Feeling

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. Therefore, it is the medicine for you.

It will give you pure, rich, red blood and strong nerves.

It will overcome that tired feeling, create an appetite, give refreshing sleep and make you strong.

Is not this just what you want?

Then take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best building up medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

RUPERT'S REVENGE; OR, OUT OF THE SOUP.

(Out of 1,800 MSS. submitted to the New York World in competition for a prize of $10,000, the following story was among the number that failed to win the prize.)

CHAPTER I.

Rupert McIlhenny, a talented young artist, was slowly ascending the Matterhorn.

He had been sent there by a newspaper syndicate to write a love-story, with the scene laid in Boston.

As he stepped on a large glacier made out of ice, a wave of cold air struck him.

Rupert McIlhenny was not superstitious, but a shiver ran through his frame at this.

"Cospoto," he heard a deep voice say.

He turned and saw twenty men in their shirt-sleeves with ice-hooks in their hands bearing down upon him.

"Brigands," muttered Rupert under shelter of his breath. He then opened his large artist's umbrella and sprang over the side of the precipice, 12,000 feet high. As he did so one of the brigands fired at him. The bullet sped wide, but the gun-wadding in the shape of a piece of paper fell into his hand. He opened it. It was dated Boston, and was a bill for his last month's board.

At this moment the umbrella turned inside out, and Rupert's note for $25 went to protest near Faneuil Hall.

CHAPTER II.

While Rupert McIlhenny is splitting the air in a downward direction at the rate of forty-seven kilometres a second, let us turn our attention to another scene.

At the foot of the Matterhorn dwelt an old woman who herded goats named Friedrica Von Wart. I mean that was her name, not the goats. The goats were named Nannie and Billie accordingly, as sufficient reasons demanded.

The old woman had a beautiful daughter named Suzette, who herded the goats on the hillside.

One day Suzette got hold of a New York funny paper. When she had read it she examined her feet carefully and then said to her mother:

"Deceive me no longer. I am from Chicago, and am not your daughter."

"If you are not, who is?" asked old Friedrica.

Suzetta was silent.

CHAPTER III.

One evening Suzette was driving up a load of hay from the meadow, when a young man fell from the top of the Matterhorn upon the hay.

He sprang to his feet and handed her his card.

"You represent a Boston paper!" said Suzette. "That's quite a high position, isn't it?"

"Well," said Rupert, glancing at the load of hay, "I believe I've dropped into a pretty good thing."

"When I get this load of hay in," said Suzette, "the Count von Frankforter, who lives in yon castle, is coming to marry me. What shall I do?"

"Do you love the count?"

"I hate him. He has foreclosed a mortgage on our cow and wears yellow shoes."

"Are you brave enough to follow a desperate plan by which the count will be ruined?"

"I will do anything to wreak a deadly vengeance upon him."

"Listen and I will tell you how that end may be accomplished."

Rupert whispered in her ear. Suzette nodded. "I will take your advice," she said.

Twenty minutes later Suzette married the Count von Frankforter.

CHAPTER IV.

A garret in New York. A cheerless, squalid room, containing little furniture save an easel and a palette on which Rupert McIlhenny slept.

Rupert was very poor. He had been, unfortunately, well instructed in drawing, and consequently could get no work to do. In a fit of despair he seized himself by the collar and pants and was about to throw himself out the window, but paused when he found he could not lift himself.

The door opened and the Countess von Frankforter entered, wearing a widow's veil. The countess was the best dressed and most fashionable woman in New York. She had a beautiful complexion of red, white and pink.

"Suzette," cried Rupert, starting forward.

She waved him back with her jewelled hand.

"I do not know you," she said coldly. "I merely wish to examine your picture."

She hautily examined the picture upon the easel. It was a Biblical subject, representing "The Father of Zebedee's Children on Mount Moab."

The drawing was superb, the technique faultless, the coloring grand—it was a masterpiece of art, except that Zebedee's left leg was of bare canvas. Rupert's paint had given out, and he had no money to buy more.

"What is your price for this picture?" said the countess.

"Seven dollars."

"I will give you six."

Rupert opened the door and spat on his hands to show that the interview was at an end.

As the countess was proceeding towards the door a brilliant idea struck Runert. He had thought of a plan by which he could procure the paint for finishing his picture.

He seized the countess, threw her upon the floor and bound her fast.

He then seized a glittering knife and approached her.

"Mille tonerre, sacre Bleu and thunderation!" said the countess. "Is this a vendetta?"

"No'm," said Rupert, "it's a table knife."

"Madame la Comptesse," said he in excellent French, "as you seem to have forgotten me I am compelled to so far disregard the dictates of etiquette as to scrape an acquaintance." As Rupert said this he drew the knife several times across the face of the countess, securing as he did so a considerable quantity of pink and flesh-colored paint.

He then released her, bowing low as she dropped her veil and left the studio. One hour later the picture of Zebedee was finished and Rupert McIlhenny was seen to enter a beer palace, jingling in his pocket seven silver coins.

(The end.)

BRILLIANTS.

Break softly on the shores of Time,
O flowing hours of afternoon!
And set the ripples of your rhyme
To music of a deathless tune.

For all your grace, O golden day,
Is so elusive and so fair,
I fain would have it fixed for aye,
Where I might turn and find it there.

All pictured in a poem's thought,
And tinkling with a master's tune,
With all an artist's color fraught,
Delightful sunny afternoon!
—James Berry Bensel.

In lands I never saw, they say,
Immortal Alps look down,
Whose bonnets touch the firmament,
Whose sandals touch the town.—

Meek at whose everlasting feet
A myriad daisies play;
Which, sir, are you, and which am I,
Upon an August day?
—Emily Dickinson.

We shut our eyes and muse
How our own minds were made,
What springs of thought they use,
How righten'd, how betray'd—
And spend our wit to name what most
employ unnamed.

But still, as we proceed,
The mass swells more and more
Of volumes yet to read,
Of secrets yet to explore.
Our hair grows gray, our eyes are
dimmed, our heart is tamed.
—Matthew Arnold.

This life, what is it but a single bloom
In the wide summer's wilderness of
flowers?
The faintest star of all that light the
gloom—
One shuttle-cast of God's untiring loom—
One flying moment in immortal hours?
And death, that we bewail as bitter
doom,
What but the gift of unimagined dowers?
God were not God, else • • • Let us
welcome then,
The smiting angel, and our fears assuage.
How sharp soe'er his summons, cry,
"Amen."
And go to gain the nobler heritage.
—Edna Dean Proctor.

NO SECRET

IN THIS WOMAN'S CASE.

Mrs. Campbell Wishes Her Letter Published so that the Truth May Be Known.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Of the thousands of letters received from women all over the world by Mrs. Pinkham, not one is given to the public unless by the wish of the writer. Thus absolute confidence is established between Mrs. Pinkham and her army of patients; and she freely solicits a letter from any woman, rich or poor,

who is in ill health or ailing.

In the case of Mary E. Campbell, of Albion, Noble Co., Ind., her suffering was so severe, her relief so suddenly realized, and her gratitude so great, that she wishes the circumstances published, in the hope that others may be benefited thereby. She says:—

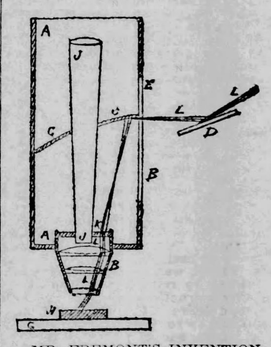
"My physician told me I had dropsy and falling of the womb. My stomach and bowels were so bloated I could not get a full breath. My face and hands were bloated badly. I had that dreadful bearing-down pain, backache, palpitation of the heart, and nervousness.

"One of my physicians told me I had something growing in my stomach; and the medicine that I took gave me relief only for a short time. I thought I must die. I began to take *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound, and it worked like a charm. After taking the first bottle I could walk across the street, now I am well. I advise all my friends to take it."
—MARY E. CAMPBELL, Albion, Noble Co.

A NEW MICROSCOPE

Which Illuminates Opaque Objects for Examination.

Several attempts have been made up to the present time to devise apparatus for the illumination of opaque objects examined under the microscope. One of the best known processes is that of Lieberkuhn, which consists in applying around the objective an inclined concave mirror, which concentrates the luminous rays in reflecting them upon the preparation. This apparatus cannot be applied unless the frontal distance of the objective is sufficient to permit of the passage of the luminous rays sent obliquely. It can, therefore, be employed only for feeble magnifications. Moreover, such oblique illumina-



MR. FREMONT'S INVENTION.

tion is an inconvenience.

Mr. Charles Fremont has succeeded in effecting the illumination through the interior of the tube of the microscope and the objective, so that this new method is applicable to even the strongest magnifications.

The arrangement adopted, as described to the Academy of Sciences, through Mr. Marey, is as follows:

The pencil of light, L, directly projected or reflected by the mirror, D, enters the body, A, of the microscope tube through an aperture, EE, and meets a concave mirror, C, which is movable and capable of being raised or lowered in order to send the light through the lenses of the objective, B. A prism, K, is interposed in the path of the pencil in order to right it and render it parallel with the axis of the microscope before it enters the objective.

The mirror, C, and the prism, K, are provided with an aperture to permit of the passage of a conical tute, J, that allows one to perceive, through the ocular, the image of the preparation, H, given by the objective, B, so that such image is never met by the luminous pencil.

This process permits of obtaining a vertical illumination of great intensity and of perfect clearness—both qualities indispensable for photographing microscopic images.

Stomach Trouble Cured.

"Three years ago I suffered with my stomach. I took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I have been in perfect health ever since. I have kept Hood's Sarsaparilla in our house for the past three years and find it to be an excellent medicine, and I gladly recommend it." Mrs. Deborah Crawfis, Findlay, Ohio.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

MISSED HIS ASSIGNMENT.

But the Managing Editor Concluded There Was Some Excuse.

"There is a good story on the Examiner," said J. Ross Jackson, the ex-newspaper man, to some friends, "and although I'm out of the business, I can't overlook its merit on that account. It appears that a druggist named Putnam was killed in Willows recently by a man named Sehorn. The telegraphed report came to the Call and also to the Chronicle. The next morning when Managing Editor Hamilton, of the Examiner, was looking over the record of the day, he discovered that his paper had been 'scooped' on that particular item. He thereupon sent for Mr. Corey, the coast editor of the paper.

"Mr. Corey," he said, with a dignified look on his face, 'have we a correspondent in Willows?'

"'Yes.'

"'Did he send in a report of that murder?'

"'No.'

"'Fire him.'

Mr. Corey went to his record book of correspondents and presently returned to the managing editor.

"'Mr. Hamilton, there are certain circumstances in this man's favor that—'

"'There are no circumstances that would justify such an exhibition of incompetency. Bounce him, I say.'

"'But, Mr. Hamilton, this case has no parallel. That man has a good excuse for overlooking the importance of the story.'

"'Well, what was his excuse?' inquired the editor, becoming nervous.

"'Well,' answered Corey, scratching his chin a moment, 'he was the man who was killed.'"—San Francisco Call.

Republican National Conventions

Dates and places of all the Republican national conventions are as follows:

1856—June 17, Philadelphia.
1860—May 16, Chicago.
1864—June 7, Baltimore.
1868—May 20, Chicago.
1872—June 5, Philadelphia.
1876—June 14, Cincinnati.
1880—June 2, Chicago.
1884—June 3, Chicago.
1888—June 19, Chicago.
1892—June 7, Minneapolis.
1896—June 16, St. Louis.

British Army Pensions.

The ordinary pension to the widow of a lieutenant in the army is $200, and $50 for each child. A captain's widow has $250, and $50 for each child; a lieutenant colonel's widow, $450 and $80 for each child; a general's widow, $600 and $100 for each child. If death is directly traced to fatigue, privation or exposure, the pensions are increased by half as much again; if the officer is killed in action, or dies of wounds with twelve months of the battle, the pensions are doubled. The ordinary pensions are not granted if the officer was 25 years older than his wife.

In Point of View.

Miss Gush—Isn't it just lovely to listen to the chimes ringing the old year out and the new year in?

Gayboy—You bet. I wouldn't miss it for the world. I always go down there with a couple of fishhorns.—Judge.

A ROYAL MOTHER

ALEXANDRA OF WALES AND HER CHILDREN.

A Glimpse at the Daily Life of the Princess and Her Family at Marlborough House.

A suite of rooms, fitted up with all the care of a sanatorium, constituted royal nurseries at Marlborough House, says the Woman at Home. There the children were reared under the eye of specially chosen attendants, who were always in direct communication with Her Royal Highness. Not the humblest mother in the land gave more thought to the little ones than did this royal mother, following the example of the Queen in this respect, and led to it also by natural inclination and the experience of her own life when devoted parents had watched over her early years. It was no easy for a lady so hemmed about with state ceremonies and public engagements to find time to study nursery details, but the Princess so arranged her days that she made it possible.

The children were brought up without pomp and ceremony, were taught to be courteous in their behavior to servants, and were addressed simply as prince or princess, the more ceremonious "Royal Highness" being dis-

HER MOST POPULAR PORTRAIT.

pensed with. A French and a German lady were always in the nursery so that the children might be early familiar with foreign languages, but best of all, there was the mother love always about them. "The Princess was in her glory," says the nurse, Mrs. Blackburn, "if she could find time to run up to the nursery, put on a flannel apron, wash the children, and see them asleep in their little beds."

During enforced absences from home the Princess wrote minute directions to the chief nurse, whom she always addressed as "My good Mary." The letters were very informal and simple, and contained such directions as "The children must go on with their cod-liver oil and steel, unless Sir William Jenner sees fit to make some alteration." Then again "I am glad to think that you are keeping the little girls nice and tidy." Wherever the Princess was, and no matter what the whirl of excitement in which she was living, her babies were never forgotten, and, whenever possible, as on the occasion of visits to palaces on the continent, she always took her children with her. Both the Prince and Princess have set an admirable example in sharing the life of their children, for although we are writing specially of Her Royal Highness, everybody knows that the Prince has been an excellent father—a boy among his boys and devoted to his girls.

It was the habit of the Princess when her sons were little fellows to compose a verse for each of them to say on their father's birthday in celebration of the event. Here is one:

Eddie's verse for Papa's Birthday,
Nov. 9, 1869.
Day of pleasure,
Brightly dawning,
Take the gifts
On this sweet morning.
Our best hopes
And wishes blending
Mingle yield joy
That's never ending.

There was another simple little verse for Prince "Georgie," and one can imagine the pretty picture of the young mother leading the tiny boys to the Prince's room to present their gifts and repeat their verses. Doubtless they had to be freely prompted, especially little "Georgie," who is reported to have been a somewhat restive small boy and not distinguished for decorous behavior.

The affection of Prince Albert Edward for his mother was very marked throughout his life, which closed so early. He inherited her lovableness and sweetness of disposition, and even as a tiny boy was ever her attendant knight.

Neither of the boys was particularly fond of study, but a very wise tutor, the Rev. John Neale Dalton, was chosen for them, and he was left to do his work in his own way. The young princes were not pampered and humored, and their parents never took sides against the tutor when his charges were delinquent, but punishment in moderation was administered.

At Marlborough House the life of the royal children was surrounded by more or less routine; but oh the joy of getting away to Sandringham, where they could roam the countryside at their pleasure and lead the freest of lives with their dogs and ponies and all the outdoor fun and frolic which renders country life so delightful for children. The inhabitants of the district have many stories to tell of the escapades of these five merry children, who were not in the least oppressed by the dignity of their rank, but went here, there and everywhere on the estate as their fancy led them. Sometimes the whole family—father, mother and children—would be seen literally bundled together in the wagonette, which was their favorite vehicle for driving round the country. Another time the mother and her girls, mounted on their ponies, would have a race in the park, to see who would come in winner. Princess Maud oftenest came off victor, and gained the distinction of being the most fearless rider, although Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) was not far behind. The Princess Victoria took the palm for skating and Prince George for rabbit shooting, while Prince Eddy, not so fond of violent sport, was often to be seen sauntering along with his arm around his mother's waist.

Nine o'clock was the family breakfast hour at Sandringham, and around the dining-table sat father, mother and children with as little state and formality as possible. When the children were very young the princess had a pretty habit of letting them draw their chairs close to her own, and giving them a dainty little morsel with her own hand, these, of course, being looked for with infinite delight. The children were taught at the same time to be good-natured and thoughtful to others. A story is told that on one occasion Princess Maud, the baby of the family, was about to receive some dainty when a lady at the table looked rather earnestly at what the little one was about to take. The little princess looked from the guest to her mother, and then with an evident struggle against inclination, held out the piece of bread and marmalade, saying very gravely, "Well, you may have it if you want it." Upon seeing that the guest was about to refuse to deprive the child of the coveted morsel, the princess whispered, "Please take it; she must learn to be thoughtful about others."

New Cure for Kidneys and Bladder.

We are glad to announce to sufferers from kidney and bladder diseases, pain in back, and rheumatism, that the new botanic discovery Alkavis, is pronounced a positive cure for these maladies. Many of its cures are certainly wonderful, and we advise our readers to send name and address to the Church Kidney Cure Company, 418 Fourth ave., New York, who will send you treatment free by mail postpaid. It costs you nothing.

WASHDAY.

On Monday, when the weather's fine,
All glistening in the bright sunshine,
The weekly wash hangs on the line;
The wash that comes so rapidly.

The lace-trimmed garments hang outside—
The rags in holes and corners hide,
And this we call housewifely pride:
"The best foot foremost," certainly.

The shirts our anxious thoughts command;
We scrutinize each neck and band;
For retribution is at hand
When these are not immaculate.

A sudden thunder-cloud draws nigh;
How quickly do the clothespins fly!
The garments may be wet or dry—
We dare not risk uncertainty.

Sometimes the clothesline is too frail—
The garments show a muddy trail;
No laundress can refrain a wail
Beholding this catastrophe.

In winter, how the icy air
Will stiffen every garment there!
Who doesn't know they crack and tear
When handled howe'er tenderly?

One wish, at least, all housewives share
United in a heartfelt prayer;
"Propitious Fates, may it dawn fair
Upon my weekly washing-day!"
—From Good Housekeeping.

FANTASTIC EVENING COIFFURES.

Novelties in the Art of Hair Dressing That Some Women Delight In.

Novelties in the art of hair dressing are appropriated with great celerity by the women who delight in variety of any sort, and especially in the little wave of interest and admiration they can create by novel coiffures for evening dress. Another charm which leads some women to change the styles of doing up the hair with every varying shade of fashion is the marvellous difference it makes in their appearance, giving a new phase of expression and type with every alteration. The head, however, must be almost perfect in shape to make a success of varying hair dressing.

The latest evening coiffures are very fantastic in style and some decoration is necessary to make them quite in fashion. All sorts of diamond ornaments, between the gorgeous tiaras and tiny jeweled pins, which tremble and glisten on the end of a spiral wire, are worn, and butterfly wings are especially effective, either long and pointed, standing high above the head, or wide and spreading, as they are most becoming. Very showy coronets are formed on wire with metallic beads in variegated colors, and enameled ornaments set with tiny jewels are another novelty. For those who cannot afford diamond decorations there are white aigrettes arranged to tower very high. The latest novelty is two

narrow white feathers standing stiffly up from the back and curling forward at the ends. This style of head dress is seen often in the opera boxes and is an effective change among so many diamonds.

One of the coiffures illustrated is especially suited to gray hair, and jet forms the ornamentation. Another shows the use of the long gold-rimmed side combs, which have the effect of a bandeau, through which the knots of hair are drawn, and a third is in the 1830 style, with side combs and diamond ornaments. The latest novelty in hair decoration is an aigrette formed of the South African silver leaf, made with a tinsel edging and tinsel flowers and a gourras curling feather at the back.

PERVERTING PROVERBS.

How Many Popular Phrases Have Been Changed From the Original.

Thomas Jefferson did not say in just those words, "few die and none resign." What he did say was: "Of deaths there are few, of resignations none." But his choice of words, says the Boston Advertiser, was less epigrammatic than was that of the nameless multitude, who by tradition shaped the aphorism in its present form.

It is full of curious interest that comparatively few of the famous men bear the stamp of form which was given them by their authors. The thought is the same, but somehow the expression seems to have been in each case originally somewhat unsuited for permanent popular currency. They have undergone a process that may be compared to that by which a pebble, at first an irregular piece of flint, capable of striking fire, but not smooth to the touch, has become polished and rounded by continual contact with the running water, the sand and stones and the sudden turnings and twistings of the brook.

For instance, the proverb, "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed," was originally "approbation from," etc. Bishop Berkley wrote "Westward the course of empire takes its way," but irresistible popular intimacy has changed "course" to "star." Even the golden rule, though familiar in its true form, is for every day proverbial usage changed from "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so unto them" into the terse injunction, "do as you would be done by."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Causes of Vagabondage.

The principal causes or sources of vagabondage, as I understand them, may be briefly recapitulated:

1. The love of liquor.
2. Wanderlust—the love of wandering.
3. The county jail, owing to the promiscuous herding of boys and homeless wanderers with criminals.
4. The tough and rough element in villages and towns.
5. The comparatively innocent but misguided pupils of the reform school.

Though not, properly speaking, a cause of vagabondage, the non-enforcement of law is its nursing mother, and misguided and misapplied charity its base of operations. The tramp evil is not so much a disease as a symptom of public ill-health. As such, and all the more because it is such, it deserves to be more thoroughly investigated, more reasonably apprehended, and more boldly treated.—Century Magazine.

Why Are There Not More Blind Men?

"And, ladies," said the professor, "it is not the eye that sees; it is the brain."

"I think I understand now," said Gladys, "why Chollie has to have the mechanical assistance of a monocle."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Loneliness of Society.

Lady Letty—I don't see a soul here tonight.

Lady Hetty—Absolutely nobody. (And it was a first night, and the house crowded.)—Fun.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

C. A. B., New York: Fish and fish offal are much used in this and other countries. The moss-banker and alewives that frequent the Atlantic coast are taken in seines and sold in wagon loads to farmers. They are sometimes plowed into the soil with a spring crop and are frequently used for fertilizing corn. For this purpose they are put in with the seed, one or two in a hill. This method was taken from the Indians who carried on this mode of fertilizing at an early day. The proper method of using fish is by composting with dry earth in alternate layers of about three inches, covering the whole with two to three feet of soil. The layers of earth may be well sprinkled with plaster, which aids in holding the ammonia in suspense.

The analysis of fish with 20 to 40 per cent of water shows, ground, ash, 20.59; nitrogen, 5.97; phosphoric acid, 7.09. The other question you ask will no doubt be answered by addressing the State Agricultural Experiment station, Amherst, Mass., mentioning The Blade.

Disease in Hoof.

G. M. P., Maryland: From that which you say in your letter, it is impossible for the editor to tell you what the disease in your mule's hoof is. It may be thrush, quittor, or pumiced foot. Have you examined the cleft or division of the frog to see if there is any discharge? If the frog is affected, poultice the foot, cut away all the dead horn, and apply: Calomel, 1-2 oz.; sweet oil, 2 ozs. Clean the frog well, and after mixing the above, spread it on a piece of lint or oakum, and insert in the cleft of the frog; also spread it over the diseased parts. See if there is any swelling about the coronet, and if there is, one or more small orifices. If so, the mule has quittor. Examine for corns. If none are found, poultice the foot, wipe dry, find where the pipes lead, and inject into the pipes corrosive sublimate, 1 dram; nitric acid, 10 drops; water, 1 oz. If this fails, sprinkle 5 grains of corrosive sublimate on tissue paper, fold it for a plug, and insert it in the pipe. In from five to seven days it will slough, leaving a healthy wound. In a bad case of quittor, the nearest veterinary surgeon should be called. For pumiced foot there is no cure; but the animal may be worked for a length of time by proper shoeing. If you could give a more full description of the look of the feet, the editor could give you such advice as might be necessary.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sugar Curing Hams.

D. M., Kansas:—For preserving pork a correspondent of The Country Gentleman gives the following way:

Moderately cold weather is preferred for pork—when the mercury does not drop below 20 degrees at night or rise above 32 degrees at midday. If it be cold enough to free

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF GOD'S EVERLASTING LOVE.

When a Man Becomes a Christian He Does Not Go Downward, but Starts Upward.

Washington, Jan. 7.—In his sermon Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject the return of the prodigal son. The text chosen was Luke xv:22: "Put a ring on his hand."

I will not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how after that season of vagabondage and prodigality he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farm house. The servants come rushing up and say: "What's the matter? What is the matter?" But before they quite arrive the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand." What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on towards the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine trough. No more longing for the pods of the carob tree. No more blistered feet. Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and emerald rings, and diamond rings; but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our Father puts upon a forgiven soul. I know that the impression is abroad among some people that religion benumbs a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roistering independence for an ecclesiastical straight-jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian he does not go down, he starts upward. Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplier is infinity. It is not a blotting out—it is a polishing, it is an arborescence, it is an efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God he is not sent into a mental service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ are the largest liberty, and brightest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on his hand."

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into his love, he puts upon him the ring of his adoption. While in my church in Philadelphia, there came the representative of the Howard Mission, of New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street that he had picked up, and he was trying to find for them Christian homes, and as the little ones stood on the pupit and sang, our hearts melted within us. At the close of the service a great-hearted wealthy man came up and said: "I'll take this little bright-eyed girl and I'll adopt her as one of my own children;" and he took her by the hand, ushered her into his carriage, and went away.

The next day while we were in the church gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "There's my old dress; perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array, and those who more immediately examined her said she had a ring on her hand. It was the ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our Father, puts upon us the ring of his adoption we become children of the ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world or how scant our bread, or mean the hut we live in if we have the ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand we are assured of eternal defenses.

Adopted! Why, then, we're brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The Father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are his children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our Father shall divide the riches of heaven, we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymn makers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those of glory gone;
For all the servants of our king,
In heaven and earth, are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets in trouble, in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into his love he puts upon it a marriage ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine; (Hosea ii. 19), "I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go, everything else may go—the last thing that goes is the marriage ring, for it is considered sacred.

In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and some times the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the hour when, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that hour when, at the close of the exclusive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave back no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger, the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and your repolish it until all the old luster comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ago ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one—Christ and the soul—one in sympathy, one in affection, one in hope.

There is no power on earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift from the palace gate. Ahasuerus banished Vashti; Napoleon forsook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her down to the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her faith would fail. The tide began to rise, and came up higher and higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the billows were washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, you can not separate a soul from Christ! It is an everlasting marriage. Battle and storm and darkness can not do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out this moment: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain—a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts on him the ring of festivity You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children on such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet; before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united! Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between my God and myself. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take all the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone, darkness all illuminated, God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

Every day I hand happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them; and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life, but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us! Did I make you gloomy, sad and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you got religion, my brother. That is not the effect of religion. True religion is a joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our way. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which scepters are hammered out. Would you not like this hour to come up from the swine-feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace. And sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. The world is a cheat. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst, here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like, when you retire at night, to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day, and all is well. Let on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this night some sudden disease should come upon you, it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth, and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

You let on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank, or the store, or the office, and you say: "Well, now my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be, if, when we get through the day of our life, and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize: "Well, now the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday—an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few more toils. Only a few more tears. And then—what an entrancing spectacle will open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

And so I approach you now with a general invitation, not picking out here and there a man, or here and there a woman, or here and there a child; but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying: "Come, for all things are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ and the inclosure of the Christian church. I know a great many think that the church does not amount to much—that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is gone now, so far as all usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in except my own home.

I know there are some people who say they are Christians who seem to get along without any help from others, and who culture solitary piety. They do not want any ordinances. I do not belong to that class. I cannot get along without them. There are so many things in this world that take my attention from God and Christ and heaven, that I want all the helps of all the symbols and of all the Christian associations and I want around about me a solid phalanx of men who love God and keep His commandments. Are there any here who would like to enter into that association? Then by a simple, child-like faith, apply for admission into the visible church, and you will be received. No questions asked about your past history or present surroundings. Only one test—do you love Jesus?

Baptism does not amount to anything, say a great many people, but the Lord Jesus declared, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," putting baptism and faith side by side. And an apostle declares, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you." I do not stickle for any particular mode of baptism, but I put great emphasis on the fact that you ought to be baptized. Yet no more emphasis than the Lord Jesus Christ, the great head of the church, puts upon it. Now is the time.

Some of you have been thinking on this subject year after year. You have found out that this world is a poor portion. You want to be Christians. You have come almost into the kingdom of God: but there you stop, forgetful of the fact that to be almost saved is not to be saved at all. Oh, my brother, after having come so near to the door of mercy, if you turn back, you will never come at all. After all you have heard of the goodness of God, if you turn away and die, it will not be because you did not have a good offer.

God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man,
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the husks of the wilderness to the Father's house, and set you at the banquet, and "put a ring on your hand."

LOSS OF VOICE

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CURED BY USING

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"Three months ago, I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very difficult to preach, and concluded to try Ayer's Cherry

Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms, and I feel sure that one or two bottles more will effect a permanent cure. To all ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—E. M. BRAWLEY, D. D., Dist. Secretary, Am. Bapt. Publication Society, Petersburg, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

GOLD MEDAL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S LEADS ALL OTHER SARSAPARILLAS.

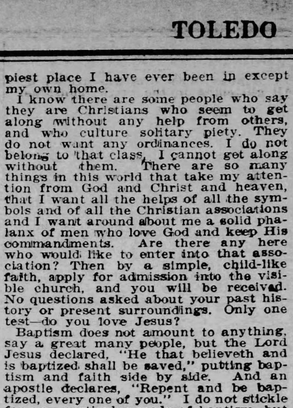
TO TIE A BOW TIE.

The Right Way and the Wrong Way to Do It.

I have observed that scarcely any women and very few of the men know how to tie a bow in a flat cravat or tie that has a right and wrong side. It looks very complicated, but, like many other things, it is very easy, and when one knows how no other way is ever tried again.

Begin, as in No. 1, making the right hand end, A, always the longest—the wider the cravat the longer the right-hand end.

Now bring the end A up behind B,

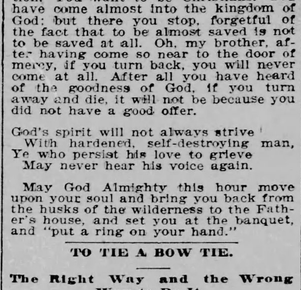


NO. 3—THE WRONG WAY. NO. 4—THE RIGHT WAY.

which will now put the wrong side of A in front, as in No. 2.

Now Take Care.

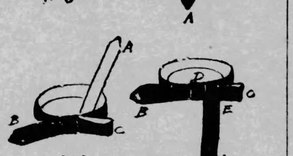
So far it has been easy enough, but it is just here that the trouble usually begins. Almost every one now folds the right-hand end, B, over, as in No. 3, which makes it wrong side out, unless it is twisted to bring the right side in front. The result in either case



is what the sailors would call a "granny" knot, and no amount of pulling and twisting will make it set straight. Some ladies have told me they always have to put pins in their bows to keep them straight!

Carry the end B across, as in No. 4, and fold it back again at C, as in No. 5. The left-hand end, B, is now right side out, smooth and flat, and without any twist in it. You are now done with this end; just hold it so and let the end A fall over it, as in No. 6.

Now carry the end A up again, behind the loop C, as in No. 7; let it fall



again, as in No. 8, and push the "tight" of it at E, through under D and in front of B, and the bow is done, as in No. 9; and, better than all, it will stay just so until you untie it.

THE FLAGS OF THE UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND VENEZUELA, done in fine colors in the Art Supplement of The New York Herald, issue of December 29, 1895, with a "half-tone" picture of AMERICAN AND BRITISH WAR SHIPS, for five cents per copy. Send the money to SOZODONT, P. O. Box 247, New York, and mention this paper.

He Dined "On Publication."

Twelve hungry children thronged around him in his garret, with Christmas cries of "Turkey—turkey! Oh, father! will turkey come this year?"

"Hush, my darlings!" cried the living skeleton, "it is coming—I know it! I will have a check this Christmas surely, and we shall eat and hunger no more. Be patient—only be patient yet a little while. It will come—it will come."

(Several years before he had written a Christmas poem for a leading magazine that pays on publication.)—Atlanta Constitution.

Why, of Course.

"How," asked the man who reads the funny papers, "are you women going to nail campaign lies when you go into politics?"

"We have thought of that," said the severe lady with the straight hair, "and we have concluded to fasten them down with hair pins."—Indianapolis Journal.

the doctors

approve of **Scott's Emulsion.** For whom? For men and women who are weak, when they should be strong; for babies and children who are thin, when they should be fat; for all who get no nourishment from their food. Poor blood is starved blood. Consumption and Scrofula never come without this starvation. And nothing is better for starved blood than cod-liver oil. **Scott's Emulsion** is cod-liver oil with the fish-fat taste taken out.

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DRUGS AND DRINK.

Stimulants That Cause Far More Harm Than Alcohol.

With our civilization has come a great and continual decrease in drunkenness, says a writer in the Hospital. The "national drink bill," concerning which so much is said, is less, man for man, than it was a century or half a century ago, or at least represents a less consumption. We hear more about drunkenness, but that is because we have ceased to regard it as a matter of course, a regular part of daily life. Therefore, it may be surprised that our blue-ribbon and other armies in fighting the "drink fiend," are striking at what if after all a dying monster, though dangerous even in the death-grips.

Meanwhile another and subtler demon arises. The vices of civilization are with us, and those who would scorn to "drink," as they call it—differentiating the consumption of alcohol from that of all other liquids—indulge in drugs of various kinds. Opium, either in form of laudanum-drinking or in the subtler form of the hypodermic injection of morphia, is, though not common, less rare than it is guessed to be. Insomnia or pain which to our sensitive nerves seems intolerable is the excuse for beginning the habit, and the end is worse than drunkenness. The "cocaine habit" is a recognized fact in America, where our Teutonic race, subjected to an intenser climate and an intenser life than in Europe, has developed a quicker sensibility and more irritable nerves. The inhalation of chloroform has proved an irresistible temptation to many, and women who would scorn any indulgence in wine sip eau de Cologne and other perfumes.

Infinitely more dangerous than alcohol are these forms of inebriety in that the deceiving associations surround them. Their victims do not regard themselves as drunkards—at least, not until the habit is fully formed. They cannot identify their nervousness, their faintness, their sleeplessness with the cravings of the staggering loafer of the street, nor the rest they obtain after the dose with the stupor of vulgar drunkenness. Therefore, to an extent which is not generally realized, women are subject to this temptation. Their imagination is not offended, and they can usually obtain the drug they want without suspicion and carry it about in convenient forms. It takes a long time for even intimates to realize that the depression, the irritability, the varying moods of a rigid abstainer arise from drunkenness; we generally conceive that condition as being due to only one source. And drug habits of various sorts become incurable just because no one realizes that they are simply a form of inebriety.

The general habit of drugging is to be condemned. No healthy person needs continual medicating with either digestives, purgatives, tonics or sedatives. If a doctor prescribes these things, good and well; he knows, presumably, when to give and when to stop, but the irresponsible way in which people pour substances far stronger than alcohol into their systems would awaken one's admiration of their courage, if it did not arouse one's indignation at their folly. Cases have been known of ginger drunkenness. Extracts of ginger, popular among women as relieving functional disturbances, contain strong alcohol disguised by the pungent spice. Insane drinking is not confined to Styria, but is popular as an improvement to the complexion among the society dames of Australia, while innocent people take strychnine in their tonics without knowing it until they begin to feel "jumpy." The danger is twofold—first, the directly injurious effects of the chosen drug, and secondly, the risk of ignorantly clasping to one's breast a viper more malignant than the "drink fiend." Alcohol we know and dread, but these things—as dangerous as alcohol—we take without any fear. And while for men and women of a different race, dwelling in a hot and malarious climate, quinine, opium and other drugs may be not only harmless but even wholesome, they are for us Anglo-Saxons, except in rare instances, subtle and pernicious foes.

A Wise Minister.

The potentate was plainly agitated. "My couriers," said he in angry tones to his minister of war, "inform me that all is in readiness to smother the rebels who have dared to question our authority, and yet I find you delaying the advance. If I thought there were any treachery——"

"Have patience, oh Brother of the sun and Boss of the Moon," replied the minister in the tone of one who was sure of his ground. "We are but waiting for them to get out a set of postage stamps, which we will rush in and seize and by the sale of them pay the whole expense of the war."

"Verily," said the admiring monarch, "thou hast a head like a tack."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

Oh, where is the maiden who blushed in confusion
Who vowed and averred you were horrid and shocking.
If you ventured to make the remotest allusion
To the Christmas suspension of her—ah—her st—k—ng?
—Indianapolis Journal.

A Pleasant Job.

"That sour fellow, Grumpus, has a job that just suits him."

"What's that?"

"He's the station master where fifty trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Pearson's Weekly.

Justice Blocked.

"All I demand for my client," shouted the attorney, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice!"

"I am very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

They Smack of Vinegar.

They say she has no taste when she
Affects most awful ways.
But just the same you ought to hear
The spicy things she says.
—Detroit Tribune.

Could Say It to Himself.

"A clergyman," they argued, "is not restricted. He can say what he thinks."

But the victim of a donation party which ate more than it brought shook its head.

There were linguistic limitations to be considered.—Detroit Tribune.

Animate Jewels.

Medical Student (very hard up, to chum, also h. u.)—Don't know what to do, old man, can't raise the wind.

Chum—Got anything left?

M. S.—Not a scrap—all gone.

Chum—Any jewelry?

M. S.—Nothing, except those beastly gold fish.—Fun.

JUST A CASE OF TRILBY

THE MIDDLE-AGED PASSENGER WHO DOTED ON BOHEMIA.

Comedy That Amused and Mystified People on a Southern-bound Steamship—The Explanation.

As the boat left New York late in the afternoon she stood leaning over the rail, a woman of middle age with a fresh complexion and a skittish little bonnet, says the New York Sun. Every one on the deck noticed her. She sat at the captain's table, and before her soup was served she assailed a solemn-looking man who was seated opposite her with the question:

"Are you seasick?"

"No, madam," he replied.

"I thought you looked pale."

"Just normal, madam," he replied.

She wasn't discouraged, and before dessert was served she had introduced herself as Mrs. Blank, of Blankville, announced her age as 50, with a little pause after this statement which the solemn-looking man didn't take advantage of; stated that she was traveling because of her nerves; stated that seasickness never troubled her, and wound up with the news that she dearly loved Bohemian Paris.

The Solemn Man cracked nuts.

Mrs. Blank waited for him to give his history, and, as he remained silent, she said.

"Now, we are going to be fellow passengers on this delightful trip to the balmy South, and won't you tell me your name?"

"Barnes, madam. John Barnes, of New York. Age, 50, and no nerves."

Some one tittered up at the other end of the table, but Mrs. Blank didn't notice it, and the Solemn Man's attention was all on his coffee.

"Traveling for pleasure, Mr. Barnes?"

"I can't tell until later," said the Solemn Man.

At breakfast Mrs. Blank appeared in a garment that the captain vaguely described as a raglan, and she began her assault on the Solemn Man with:

"Good morning, Mr. Barnes. By the way, have you ever been in dear old Paris?"

"Never, madam."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry. I felt just sure that you had been. You remind me of a Russian count, an artist, that I met there. I do so love the studio life in Paris."

For the first time Mr. Barnes showed a little interest in his persistent questioner. He looked at her closely, as though making a diagnosis, and then his expression indicated that he had formed a conclusion. He kept it to himself. Mrs. Blank looked disappointed when he said nothing.

"I hope that I do not annoy you with my chatter, Mr. Barnes," she said, "but you must remember that I am much older than you, quite fifty, in fact—" a pause—"and you suggest this Russian artist friend of mine in dear old gay Bohemian Paris. Don't you like Bohemia?"

"No, I despise tables d'hote."

Mrs. Blank looked puzzled, and then she laughed gleefully:

"Why, Mr. Barnes, how cynical! I don't believe I have gauged your depth yet. You suggest my brother. He was cynical and witty."

"Was he a Russian too?" asked Mr. Barnes, and Mrs. Blank again told him that he mustn't mind her chatter, because she was quite 50 years old, though perhaps he might doubt that. Mr. Barnes kept his doubts to himself, if he had any.

Mrs. Blank was so persistent and Mr. Barnes so reticent that they became star attractions at the captain's table, and there was some pecuniary speculation as to whether or not Mrs. Blank would succeed in finding out anything about her vis-a-vis. She tried him on cotton, and his replies led her to guess that he was a planter. A direct question settled this point. Then, just as she had guessed that he was an orange grower, bound for Florida, he remarked that he had never been in that state in his life. Mr. Barnes talked with the man beside him about realty and chattels, and when Mrs. Blank again appeared at the table she said, as if she had made a discovery:

"You lawyers, Mr. Barnes, can't help talking shop."

"But I'm not a lawyer, madam," was his reply, and Mrs. Blank looked disappointed.

Then Mr. Barnes, finding she was persistent, changed his tactics, and for the next day he led Mrs. Blank's imagination a wild chase. There was something about him that prevented her from asking him outright what he did for a living, and she found him mysterious and interesting. She vaguely described studio life in Paris, and a young woman at the table who had read the most popular recent novel whispered that she was quoting.

"I am sure that you paint, Mr. Barnes," said Mrs. Blank. "I can't be mistaken in that."

"You are not," was his reply.

"Oh, how delightful! Now I have found you out. My brother always says that I am quick in reading character. Where do you paint, Mr. Barnes?

"Along the Hudson."

"And you couldn't find a better place. Won't you tell me what you paint?"

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Barnes. "I paint the Palisades."

"Your work must be charming. Have you any of it with you?"

"No, madam, I left it all along the Hudson."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Signs, madam. Done in red with letters six feet long. 'Try Buster's $3 Pants. They Never Wear Out.'"

Mrs. Blank admitted defeat and left the table. At dinner she talked most of the time about artists and the stage. Had Mr. Barnes any acquaintance with either? No. Well, she was sorry, because both were so Bohemian.

"The count always told me that I should have been an artist," she added, "and I just dote on studio life and the wonderful friendships that are formed there, and the little late suppers (oh, I know I am old), and the—the—models and all, you know."

The boat reached Charleston at 7 o'clock in the evening, and as soon as the gangway swung in place an elderly man and two children rushed on board and surrounded Mrs. Blank.

"Is that really you, ma!" he exclaimed. "Been way to N'York and got back safely? Didn't get lost? First time away from home, too. Well, this is a trip worth talking about. Just as good as the stories in those books of yours. Come along, ma, they're all waiting for you at home," and Mrs. Blank was bundled off the boat, followed by the glances of half a dozen puzzled passengers.

"Why, she never has been in Paris!" said the girl who read.

"And there was no Russian Count," said the jolly looking woman who was going to Jacksonville.

"But where did she get that raglan?" muttered the captain.

Mr. Barnes had overheard the greeting that welcomed "ma."

"Thought I had sized her up correctly," he said. "She puzzled me a bit at first, but I have seen so many similar cases, though the symptoms work out differently in each, that I diagnosed her case the second day."

"Why, Mr. Barnes," said the girl who read, "what was it? Crazy"

"No," said the Solemn Man, in disgust.

Just a plain case of Trilby, that's all. You see, I am a commercial traveler, and I have opportunities to see how many old fools that book has made of people who should know better. They all want to be Bohemian, and they are crazy to see studio life, and then their imaginations get to work. I wish that some one would write an anecdote for that book. Mrs. Blank had a violent attack of it, didn't she. And poor, pa! Wonder is he Little Billee or the Laird or the other fellow who did sleight-of-hand tricks? Poor pa!"

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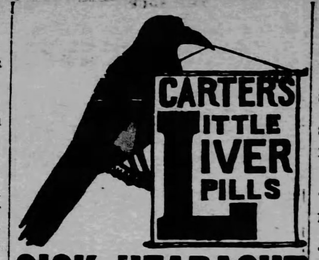

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The Sunday School.

The Ministry of John the Baptist.

LESSON III., JANUARY 19, 1895.

Golden Text: Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world! —John 1: 29.

(Luke 3: 15-22. Memory verses: 21, 22.) Read Luke 3: 1-18. Compare also Malachi 3: 1-18.

15. And as the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ, or not;

16. John answered, saying unto them all, I indeed baptize you with water; but one mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire:

17. Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable.

18. And many other things in his exhortation preached he unto the people.

19. But Herod the tetrarch, being reproved by him for Herodias his brother Philip's wife, and for all the evils which Herod had done,

20. Added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison.

21. Now when all the people were baptized, it came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized and praying, the heaven was opened,

22. And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved Son, in thee I am well pleased.

Illustrative Applications.

The people were in expectation (v. 15). If a visit is anticipated from a very dear friend, or from a great commander, or from a distinguished official, those who wait watch as they wait, and are quick to catch any sight or sound of the coming one. Children who expect a visit to their homes from Santa Claus, on Christmas eve, can hardly sleep from interest in his hoped-for appearing. Glad expectation is accompanied by hope, and hope quickens readiness for effort in the line of preparation for a welcome to the one expected. The promise of a Deliverer from evil to the Jews of old, quickened expectation, hope, readiness of welcome, and desire of a sight of him. Shall not Christians have joy in his presence with them, as he brings more than the Jews ever looked for or longed after?

There cometh he that is mightier than I (v. 16). It is hard to believe that there is anything better than the best that we have known or seen. Our highest ideals are based on our reals. We long for something as good as the best that we remember to have enjoyed or known of. When one is urged to give up that which is dearest to him, in order to seek something unseen that will surely be better, he wants to know how that can be. It is a high measure of faith that is needed to induce one to abandon present delights and present possessions for treasures yet undisclosed and unperceived. Yet every one of us is called to just this faith in the service of Christ.

To gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire (v. 17). One clause of this promise has comfort in it, as truly as the other. It would be a sad thing if we couldn't believe both statements. There was truth as well as quaintness in the old Connecticut preacher's declaration: "My friends, some believe that all will be saved, but we hope for better things." Shaff and wheat are not to be together always. Thank God for that. One goes to the garner, and the other to the furnace. What is our crop? For which destination at the harvest are our characters and lives now tending?

With many other exhortations did he before preached he good tidings unto the people (v. 18). Warnings and counsels go together. In directing a traveler on his road, it is as important to warn him of a special danger to be avoided as to point out to him a course that is attractive and safe. Children need to know enough of temptations and perils to make them desirous of keeping in a safe path. If the final harvest is to bring one part of the crop to the fire, and another part to the garner house, on that very account those who are sowing and tending for that harvest ought to have warning exhortations as well as assurance of good tidings preached to them.

But Herod, being reproved by him for all the evil things which Herod had done, shut up John in prison (vs. 19, 20). Men are not so likely to be hated for the evil they have done, as for the good they do. We can feel tenderly for one who has done wrong, and whose wrong-doing we have pointed out to him, but it is hard to forgive one who has rebuked us for our evil lives. We don't like to meet such a man. If God lets him live on, we want him out of our sight. If we would be faithful in pointing out the wrong-doing of our fellows, we must expect to be disliked for our fidelity. Let us not, therefore, wonder that we make enemies among men by being true to God.

Jesus having been baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened (v. 21). Jesus had an added nearness to his Father when he was in the way of a blessing in a religious service, and asked for a blessing. Can we hope for such nearness to God without such seeking? When we are enrolled with God's people by open confession, and while we pray to God as those who crave oneness with him, the heaven will be opened to us; and we have no right to expect such a sign of God's presence before we have thus sought it. We certainly can not look for it without any right action and trustful prayer on our part, if it came to Jesus only in connection with his right action and his trustful prayer.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

The Indignant Parrot.

The late Captain Wright was always a great admirer of Hon. John Leary, although otherwise a Democrat, and when the latter ran for mayor, nearly four years since, Wright came downtown with a pet parrot on his shoulder, trying to teach it to say "Hurrah for Leary." This it would not do, and after returning home he turned the hose on it. After this operation the captain, feeling very sorry, said:

"D—n you, Polly; you ought to have said 'Hurrah for Leary.'"

Polly stood before the fire drying its feathers, and without turning around said: "You go to h—ll."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Did Tommy Have a Rich Uncle.

"And why," the teacher continued, "should we hold the aged in respect?"

"'Cause it is mostly the old men that has all the money," Tommy answered, and the teacher wasn't able to offer any better reason.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ninety-Ninth Variation.

"Did you stop to think how ridiculous that expression sounds, 'She was murdered in cold blood?'"

"But what else could one say? This was a Boston girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

SAM AND JOHN.

A COLLOQUY.

Says Sam to John: "You must play fair
With my small brother on the south,"
Says John: "'Tis none of your affair,
You'd better close your noisy mouth!"

Says Sam: 'You need not think to bluff
Your way upon this continent;
Much of the other half of you
Hath been oppressed—stay there content!

"Nor think by threats of force to take
What is not yours this side the sea.
Here may you not sharp bargains make,
For here you'll have to deal with me!"

"But Sam," says John, "you're my own boy,
You arn't a-goin' to 'cut up rough'
When your old dad might else have joy
In some nice gold mines—that's too tough!"

Says Sam to John: "I've had small cause
For pride in your paternity.
Do not forget the unjust laws
That forced my glorious mutiny!

"I can't forget old seventy-six.
With Hessians hired to slay my sons,
Nor eighteen-twelve, nor sixty-one,
When many fell by British guns.

"Since that first war, all that you could,
Or dared, you've done to bring me death—
I'm not revengeful. This my drift:
'I know you, John'—I spare my breath.

"I therefore do not call you 'Sire!'
Nor honored feel when you say 'Son!'
For this and more; I know where'er
You have the power, base deeds are done.

"Wherever weakness opes a door,
Justice shoved by the smallest heed,
By smart diplomacy or war—
Your will's sole law, your greed's full creed.

"In Africa or India—
Where'er you drag your hungry net,
'Mon Droit' is, in British, not 'My Right,'
But 'whatsoever I can get!'

"I know you, John, too well for love
And very much too well for fear,
You'd better treat that small boy fair
And chiefly keep your hemisphere!"

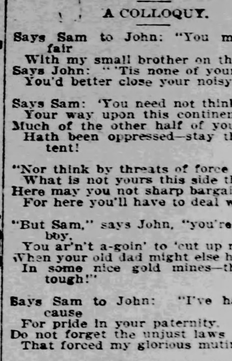
Saith, sotto voce, John to self:
"I guess I'll treat that south-land fair,
That sassy Sam has licked me twice—
His dander's up—I'll have a care!

"For though 'tis none of his concern
He makes it so, and would not spare
Unless I yielded to his whim—
To twist his fingers in my hair!"
—Cleveland World.

THE REPENTANT MODEL.

Maybe She Had Been Reading Trilby—A Queer Incident.

A queer incident last week in one of the several art schools in town was the behavior of a young girl who was



posing as a nude model for what is called the "life" class—that class which draws and paints only living models, says a New York paper. This girl model has sat for the class for a week or two, and beyond being very thin-skinned and sensitive to draughts of air, had not displayed any eccentricity. She is val

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9. 1896

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

OUR NEW STORY.

In this issue of The Blade we begin a most excellent serial, written expressly and solely for this paper. It is entitled

"THE MYSTERY OF AVENUE D,"

and is a story founded upon facts. It is quite different in matter and manner from the charming tale of New England farm life which ended in last week's paper, but it is true in its delineations of human character and motive, and does not give its readers false and distorted views of human life, which is the grave fault of so many stories now published.

We unhesitatingly commend it to the perusal of every reader. It will be found excellent reading, and of itself worth more than a year's subscription to The Weekly Blade.

LEAP YEAR.

The present year of grace, 1896, enjoys the distinction of being the last leap year of the nineteenth century. The year 1900, which ends the century, is not a leap year, and consequently February will not have the twenty-ninth day until 1904.

Many people are mystified by the fact that 1900 is not a leap year. This is because the rule for leap years is not fully understood. Most people assume that it happens every fourth year—reasoning that the revolution of the earth around the sun is accomplished in 365 days, and that the addition makes just a day every fourth year.

But the time of the earth's yearly revolution is exactly 365 days, 6 hours, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 49 seconds. The Gregorian year, or common year which can be divided by 4, and every year which can be exactly divided by 400 to be leap years. In this difference of only 11 minutes only amounts to one day in 128 years.

Therefore, a leap year, which is divisible exactly by 400, and the next centurial

BIG COTTON EXPOSITION.

The social and trade relations between the people of the North and the South, which received such an impetus during the year just closed at the great meetings held at Louisville, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Chickamauga and Atlanta, are to be further fed by a cotton exposition to be held in Chicago next September. It is to be known as the Chicago and Southern States Cotton Exposition, and the object is to open trade relations directly between the cotton producing states of the South and the great West, using Chicago as the distributing point.

The idea originated in Augusta, Ga., and is endorsed by all the states of that section as well as by the press and business men of Chicago. The South has determined to manufacture its own cotton rather than sell the raw material to Eastern manufacturers, and by them have the finished product distributed throughout the West. The proposed exposition is to bring together the producers and manufacturers of the South and the consumers of the great central West. These metings are always pleasant, and there is no reason why they should not be made profitable to both sections. Let the good work so well begun in 1895 continue during the present year.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

There is much talk about Cleveland and a third term. Is he a candidate? Can he be nominated? Will he write a letter declining to be a candidate? Is what Mr. Benedict said true? Why does not Mr. Cleveland set at rest all these rumors?

Now, then, what difference does it make whether Mr. Cleveland is a candidate or is not a candidate? Why all this senseless chatter? The mass of the voters do not care whether Mr. Cleveland heads the Democratic ticket or not. They have made up their minds to bury that ticket, and they will do it when they have the opportunity.

Whether Grover Cleveland heads the Democratic ticket or not will make no difference in the result. The people are determined to smite the Democratic party for its many sins of omission as well as of commission. Half the Democratic papers in the country admitted this the next day after the recent election, and the other half has not denied it. You may as well try to stop the waters of Niagara as they tumble over the rocks as to attempt to check the people in their determination to chastise the Democratic party.

And they will do it, whether Grover Cleveland is a candidate or not.

Snator Teller, in his remarks Friday on the bond bill, said he did not believe there is "a single bank in the country that will take these coin bonds at 3 per cent." Well, Senator, why not make them gold bonds, when there would not be the least doubt of their being taken at that rate? They will be bought for gold; what is the objection to making them payable in the same money that is paid for them?

As a result of thec onference between Canadian and American engineers it is found that the greatest difference between the two lines run to establish the Alaskan boundary is but six feet seven inches, and no difficulty is anticipated in adjusting the dispute. This is cheering news, for the Venezuelan question ought not to be complicated with a boundary dispute of our own.

The Cuban revolutionists are almost within striking distance of Havana, striking news may soon be expected [illegible] of the Antilles

AMERICAN BREWERIES.

Last week we discussed the closing of a large number of Chicago saloons by their brewery owners, because the saloons can only be run at a loss, and mentioned incidentally that the price of beer had been advanced $1 per barrel. An effort is now on foot to have a corresponding advance made general all over the United States. It might be inferred from this that American breweries are unprofitable. This is not true, however. They are over-capitalized, and can not make satisfactory dividends on the enormously watered stock.

Everybody remembers that, a few years ago, there was a movement of European capitalists to purchase stock in American breweries. They were then known to be paying enormous profits; marvelous fortunes had been made from them, and, with the consumption of beer steadily and rapidly increasing, there was every reason to look for a continuance and even an increase of the profits derivable from breweries.

But that hope of the foreign investors has been grievously disappointed. The breweries were bought up by gigantic syndicates on a basis of enormously inflated capitalization. There has been no change in the essential conditions which made the profits of American breweries remarkably large up to a comparatively recent date. The consumption of beer has kept on increasing more rapidly than the population of the country. But the greed of investors has sadly overreached itself, and the confiding people over the water whom the seductive promoters induced to put millions of money into what was held out to them as an exceptionally "good thing;" are bewailing the day when they listened to the voice of the tempter. For them there can be, perhaps, but little sympathy; but the experience that has befallen them is worth the attention of the people of the country.

When the syndicate operations in American brewery property first began there was a loud cry of protest against allowing the foreigners who were mainly concerned in the affair to "get so large a control of an American business." But the result proves that it was the foreign investors who got decidedly the worst of the bargain. The round sums of money for which the original owners of the breweries sold out to the big British syndicates remained in this country, and were promptly reinvested in other productive esterprises; but the money which, in the form of dividends, the Americans feared and the Englishmen expected was going to be drawn out of the country, has proved a delusion. The breweries, reorganized under foreign syndicate control, have almost without exception failed to be profitable investments. The glowing promises of the promoters in their prospectuses are still for the most part, only promises, and the hope that they ever will become anything else has gradually faded away till now the last desperate effort of an advance in the selling price of beer is to be tried.

Whether any substantial degree of success will crown the new plan is very doubtful; for the whole trouble is that when the properties were taken over by the syndicates they were capitalized for amounts so disproportionate to the actual earning capacity of the combined plants that the possibility of [illegible] like the earlier rates of profit was practically destroyed altogether. The new investors, who did not stop to inquire what ratio the new capitalization bore to the old, and to estimate therefrom the probability of the old rate of profits being continued, have grievously lost money, both actually and in anticipation. Whether they will be able to recoup any of those losses hereafter remains to be seen. Meanwhile, the loss of profits will be of some benefit to the people of our cities if it leads to the closing up of a part of the saloons, as it is doing in Chicago. But this is of but little value in temperance work, for the fact remains that we must educate the masses to hold their appetites in subjection, if we are ever to effectually

Pulverize the Rum Power.

MORTON AND BRADLEY.

The new year witnesses the inflation of two Presidential booms. Governor Morton, of New York, and Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, have entered the lists, and will make a fight for the St. Louis nomination.

The country at large will not look upon the candidacy of either seriously. In the first place Governor Morton will be considered too old. He is now in his 72d year, an age when the average man looks forward to an early retirement from active life, rather than to assuming new and great responsibilities. Governor Morton has had a wide experience in business life, served in Congress, was minister to France, vice-President, and is now governor. He has also served on a number of important commissions. But with all his years in public life he has not come in close touch with the people, especially west of New York.

There is also a question whether his managers are sincere in pushing his candidacy. Mr. Platt is a shrewd politician. He has discovered that Western New York is slipping away from him and ailying itself with the fortunes of Governor McKinley. It will be believed by many that Mr. Morton's candidacy is started with the object of holding the New York delegation solid at the beginning of the balloting with the hope, on the part of Mr. Platt, that he can the better control it than if it goes into the convention divided.

Governor Bradley is a good man and a strong man. He has served on the national Republican committee and has the distinction of being the first Republican governor of Kentucky. But he is looked upon as a "favorite son," nothing more. His friends believe there is a chance for him when the fight waxes hot between the leading candidates, but while this is possible, it is not probable. It may be a movement for second place, and it may be simply to advertise the man and help Kentucky Republicans. Mr. Morton and Mr. Bradley have a perfect right to be candidates, but Ohio will welcome the votes of New York and Kentucky for McKinley when these states have complimented their favorite sons.

Had Dr. Jameson overthrown the Boer government, he would have been an English idol. Defeated and a prisoner, his act has been disavowed by both the British and the Cape Colony governments. Such is fate.

The New York Mail and Express has arrived at the sage conclusion that the reason Mr. Cleveland did not make more blunders in 1895 was because he spent so much time hunting and fishing.

The Springfield Republican says the President "has killed jingoism by the process of inoculation." Neatly put, that.

ANOTHER BOND ISSUE.

The strong feeling among the people of the country against allowing a syndicate to reap an enormous profit for floating a new bond issue has at last made itself felt by the administration. Secretary Carlisle has yielded to the demand and made the new loan, to some extent, at least, a popular one. His call gives a month for subscriptions to $100,000,000 of 30-year 4 per cent bonds, dated February 1, 1895, and issued in denominations from $50 upward. They are to be paid for in gold coin or gold certificates, and payments will be in installments.

They are dated a year back, so as to allow of ready comparison with the gold fours issued on February 1, 1895. The bidders will, of course, take into consideration the year's interest in making their bids, and add a premium which will cover this as well as make the bonds 3 per cent in effect. At least it is the belief of the secretary that these bonds can be easily floated at 3 per cent.

This bond call ought to rouse the people to demand of the present Congress, and especially of the Senate, that the financial problem shall be taken hold of with earnestness and directness. It is absurd that this government should constantly create a debt to keep up the gold reserve, in order to maintain the greenbacks and the Treasury notes of 1890 at par with gold. The people will not tolerate a drop to the silver standard, either through an attempt at direct legislation, or in any other way. Nor will they allow the policy of running deeper into debt to be continued.

The remedy is looked for at the hands of Congress, and it will fail in its duty to the nation if it refuses or neglects to put an end to the present anomalous and absurd situation.

THE TRANSVAAL TROUBLE.

In our telegraphic columns to-day will be found some important news from the Transvaal, illustrated by a map of Southern Africa. The Transvaal is peopled by Dutch Boers, and the right of citizenship is held by them alone. The discovery of gold in the famous Witwatersrand reef caused an immediate influx of Englishmen from Cape Colony, a British possession; and this has been followed by an immense immigration of gold-seekers for England itself.

The present situation is, that there are more Englishmen in the Transvaal than Boers, so great has been the influx of gold-seekers. They have now demanded that they be allowed to become citizens. This the Boer government at Pretoria, the capital, has refused. It is simply a question of self-preservation.

Were the demand granted, the control of the Transvaal would pass at once into the hands of Englishmen, and it would not be long before the Dutch republic would become tributary to Great Britain.

The English miners have taken up arms to enforce their demands, according to the cable reports. There will be civil war, apparently, and the outcome will be the defeat of the Boers. Three centuries ago, the Aztecs believed that Cortez and his Spanish troops har a strange disease which nothing would cure but gold. The Boers of the little Transvaal republic doubtless feel similarly concerning the English. They have swarmed into the country, attracted by the gold discoveries, and the lonely Witwatersrand has been turned into a teeming hive of industry.

GERMANY SHOWS HER TEETH.

Cleveland's Venezuelan message to Congress was, as an English paper expressed it, "a bolt out of a clear sky." England never dreamed of so emphatic and far-reaching an assertion of the Monroe doctrine at the hands of the American government. But another bolt has fallen, quite as unexpected. It is the angry attitude of Germany over Dr. Jamison's invasion of the South African Republic.

That country is entirely independent as regards its government and its internal affairs; but, by treaty, its foreign concerns are under British control. Great Britain holds suzerainty over it. Hence the amazement of all England when the German Emperor sent a congratulatory dispatch to President Kruger, over the defeat of Jamison. It was a serious disregard of the proprieties of diplomacy for him to do so; the proper channel demanded by official red tape was through the British Foreign office. Nor was the sending of the dispatch a mere freak of the young Kaiser, for a ministerial council was held, and the dispatch submitted before sending.

The English people are wondering why the Emperor concerns himself with the affair, as the Boers are not Germans, nor have Germans any interests in the country. The explanation, however, is easy. Germany understands the territorial dream of Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony—of a British possession through the heart of Africa, from Egypt to the Cape; and Germany has possessions in the line thus mapped out.

Hence, Germany has taken, with regard to British aggression in Africa, practically the same stand that the United States has done with regard to this hemisphere. Land-grabbing must stop. The situation is becoming interesting. The nations are making history fast; and in future years the closing half decade of the nineteenth century wil be recognized as the beginning of the epoch of the delimitation of the world.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, made a speech in the United States Senate the other day, in which he brought together all the evidence available in the Venezuela case. It is th clearest presentation yet made, by all odds, though, its length—it would occupy something like ten columns in The Blade—prevents its publication in full. Mr. Lodge sums up his evidence at the close in the following statement:

It will be observed from this brief outline of the dispute that no new rights have come to England or to Venezuela since 1814; i. e., since the declaration of President Monroe. They have the rights of Spain and Holland, respectively, nothing more and nothing less, and are entitled to exactly what those inherited rights give them.

With the passing of the old year Kings county, New York, which has figured so prominently in political battles, lost its identity by being absorbed in the city of Brooklyn. We shall miss, on election nights, the familiar old formula, "287 precincts in Brooklyn and Kings county give," etc.

A resolution has been adopted by the Senate for an investigation of armor plate contracts. It is intimated that officers of the government are interested in armor-plate processes. What! The virtuous Democrats dabbling in naval frauds?

Those Canadian editors are full of fight. It is to be hoped they will not begin their bloody work until war has been declared between the United State and England.

COMPARISONS FOR A YEAR.

Some of the facts brought to the surface by an examination of the workings of the new tariff law show that it is extremely disadvantageous to the farmer. Under it the importations of farm products more than doubled in the first years of this operations, compared with the last year of the McKinley law. The following table, compiled from official publications of the Treasury shows the importation of farm products by classes during the first year of the new law, compared with the last year of the McKinley law. It will interest every farmer, and everybody who has at heart the interests of the 30,000,000 of people of this country who are dependent entirely or almost entirely upon agriculture for their support:

AGRICULTURAL IMPORTS.

	Last year of McKinley Law.	First year of Wilson Law.
Animals	$ 986,359	$ 2,121,521
Breadstuffs	2,237,027	2,845,297
Eggs	161,238	341,284
Flax	1,101,347	2,545,810
Feathers	910,981	3,077,955
Fruits	4,659,364	5,333,499
Hay	846,739	1,658,331
Hemp	268,252	652,461
Hides	10,480,562	24,623,263
Hops	582,875	6,601,185
Provisions	1,824,709	2,037,535
Rice	2,566,089	3,497,166
Seeds	2,361,813	7,146,604
Tobacco	13,005,715	15,389,381
Vegetables	3,083,400	3,858,770
Wool	6,299,934	32,589,791
Total	$51,414,844	$107,342,522

AGRICULTURAL EXPORTS.

Hay	$ 924,916	$ 801,910
Hops	3,752,213	1,849,893
Vegetables	2,072,974	1,775,551
Oil cake and meal	9,442,045	3,070,032
Seeds	8,038,558	2,972,212
Corn	31,207,331	19,062,404
Wheat	67,793,499	52,339,232
Flour	78,062,213	59,226,244
Provisions	168,831,131	155,493,282
Total	$371,125,299	$301,578,885

Another remarkable fact which the free traders will have a hard time explaining in regard to their new law, is that the percentage of free imports has fallen off very greatly as compared with the McKinley law. Strange as it may appear, the free importations during the first year of the new law only amounted to 48.4 per cent of the total, while under the McKinley law, in its last fiscal year, they amounted to 59.6 per cent of the total.

Another strange thing is that the average ad valorem duty paid on all importations under the new law is higher, in its first year, than in the last year of the McKinley law, the duty paid during its first year amounting to 21.2 per cent of the value of all imports, while in the last year of the McKinley law the total duty paid amounted to only 20.2 per cent of the value of all imports.

Still another remarkable fact which confronts the apologists for the new law, is that the people of the United States paid more money, per capita, on an average, in duties in its first year than they did in the last year of the McKinley law, the per capita average of duties paid being $2.26 under the new law, and but $1.90 per capita in the last year of the old law.

One of the most important facts, in its bearing on the gold exports, which will be brought sharply to the public attention, is one which has not been much considered in this connection. It is that the imports of the first year under the new law amount to over $106,000,000 in excess of those under the last year of the McKinley law. This means that $106,000,000 in gold went abroad to pay for these imports, in excess of the amount sent abroad for that purpose in the preceding year. Not only this, but it is also found that the exports were $73,000,000 less in the first year of the new law than in the last year of the old law, which means that we received $73,000,000 less in gold from abroad for our exports than under the last year of the McKinley law. Put these two facts together, and it is easy to see that the conditions as to receipts and payments of gold in the first year of the new law, compared with the last year of the old one, have vastly changed, the real difference against us amounting to $179,000,000 in gold.

COALING STATIONS NEEDED.

The recent flurry over the Venezuelan boundary has sharply drawn public attention to the absolute lack of coaling stations for our navy in case of war. A modern navy is absolutely dependent upon its engines. Steel war vessels can not be propelled by sail. Without coal our navy would be helpless.

Twenty-eight years ago the wisdom of Secretary of State Seward led him to enter into negotiations for the purchase of St. Thomas and St. John, two islands in the West Indies belonging to Denmark, in order to use St. Thomas as a coaling and repair station for our naval vessels in those waters.

But the Senate unwisely rejected the treaty. The country was laboring with the problem of reconstruction, and sick of war. President Johnson was at swords' points with Congress, and any proposition emanating from his administration fared badly at that period of bitter animosities. So the purchase, at the price of $7,500,000, was not completed.

During General Grant's administration attempts were made to acquire a coaling station at Samana bay, but the Democrats raised the cry of jobbery, which proved fatal to the plan, as well as to the subsequent one to obtain a coaling station at Chiriqui.

Now, however, there is a renewal of the proposition to buy St. Thomas and St. John. It is believed Denmark would still be ready to dispose of them. St. Thomas has an excellent harbor, suited for our deep-draft naval vessels, and would make a most admirable coaling and repair station. It would be a wise thing to acquire these islands; for, if we are to maintain a navy, we must have provision for furnishing the vessels with coal, and for making needed repairs, without having to return to the United States for such purposes. Otherwise, it will be of but little value in case of war.

In a long interview with Miss Kate Field held in the presence of his full Cabinet, President Dole said the sole object of his administration was to secure the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. He thought a new system would have to be devised for absorbing the islands into the Union. Hawaii will necessarily have to wait until a Republican President, backed by a good Republican majority in the Senate as well as in the House, before the proposition can have fair consideration.

Utah is a full-fledged state. Now make a memorandum that she was admitted by Presidential proclamation on January 4, 1896, in your children's geographies, so that they may be up to the times.

One of the good things sure to come in this new year is the election of a Republican President.

Strange to say, the sultan has not yet sent any missionaries to Kentucky.

During the present leap year woman proposes and man disposes, probably.

"FAIR TRADE" IN ENGLAND.

The Sunday cable letters from London all devote considerable space to the appearance of a demand for protective duties in a great variety of imports, on the part of those connected with the agricultural interests of Great Britain. Protection sentiment has been growing for some time among English landowners and farmers. A great cattle show at Islington brought together large numbers of persons interested in various branches of agriculture, and, as one letter says, "the Cabinet ministers have been overwhelmed with deputations urging them to take steps to prevent British agriculture from being wiped out by foreign competition. The course suggested to the government is a tariff upon a variety of imports."

The Tory party embraces in its membership the landholding class, whose incomes are largely derived from the rentals of farming land. The tenant farmers have not been prosperous for years, and rents have declined so much as to seriously impair the landlords' revenues. This fact explains the appearance of a strong protective sentiment in the Tory party itself. The name given it is "fair trade," and the movement is steadily gaining in strength. On Friday last a meeting was held, attended by several of the leading Tory members of Parliament, at which resolutions were adopted calling for a complete reversal of the present free trade policy. It is significant that the only London paper which took up a defense of free trade in commenting on the meeting was the Times. A cable letter says: "The entire silence of the Standard concerning the meeting, although it is the principal Tory organ, is indeed highly significant of a new tendency and perhaps a disruptive one in the Tory party."

One of the deputations referred to above called on the Marquis of Salisbury, who, in his reply, said he "could not hold out the slightest prospect of protection," and went on to explain the speech he made at Hastings in 1892, which has been held to indicate a leaning toward "fair trade" on his part. Salisbury said this was a mistake; that "when he denounced Cobdenism and urged the country to arm for an attack upon the wall of tariffs, he never believed or expected a restoration of protection."

This was a disappointment to the agricultural interests, and it is altogether probable that a sharp division in the Tory ranks will follow the agitation now publicly begun. The Morning Post, a Tory paper, commenting on Salisbury's remarks, says:

Lord Salisbury would be far more in touch with the sentiments and wishes of the masses if he defended and expanded his protection remarks at Hastings. The bent of public opinion is directed strongly and firmly to a speedy alteration of the fiscal system which only hurts those who employ it.

The conditions which made the fre trade policy expedient when England adopted it have largely changed. England was to become the manufacturer for the rest of the civilized world, while the latter was to be her producer of raw material. Every other nation, however, has erected a tariff wall against her manufacturers, and thereby promoted their own industries. The coming era is to be one of reciprocity, and we need not be surprised to see England take a decided step in this direction within the next few years.

SHERMAN'S GREENBACK RESOLUTION.

Senator Sherman's resolution, introduced in the Senate, takes solid ground. It should become a law, but of course it can not get through the Senate because of the ignorance of some of the senators. It recites the fact that, because of a lack of necessary revenue, the $100,000,000 of the gold reserve has been invaded to meet the current expenses of the government, and declares this to be "of doubtful legality, and greatly injurious to the public credit."

Then it ordains that the gold reserve shall be restored to not less than $100,000,000 in gold or gold bullion, which shall be segregated from the other Treasury funds, and paid out only in redemption of United States notes; and that the notes so redeemed shall be paid out only in exchange for gold.

This latter provision would accomplish one very necessary thing—it would open a way to obtain gold to replenish the reserve. At present there is practically no gold paid into the Treasury in the way of customs and other dues. The only way to get gold is to sell bonds to obtain it. If the greenbacks paid in for gold were held, they would be promptly taken out again by business men and bankers, who find paper far more convenient for use. But the foolishness and obstinacy of the cheap-money advocates will doubtless prevent the passage of this necessary measure.

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

A resolution has been introduced into the United States Senate, relating to new bond issues, which is worthy of notice. Of course it will not pass, for it would expose a financial fallacy upheld by too many Senators. Yet it would enable the treasury to get all the gold it might desire, at any time, to replenish the reserve.

The resolution is very short. It merely provides that any bonds issued under existing laws—that is, bonds like those sold on three different occasions to protect the gold reserve—may, at the pleasure of the secretary of the treasury, be made payable either in gold coin or in silver dollars, at the option of the holder. And furthermore, that bonds containing this option shall not bear more than 3 per cent interest.

It is hard for any sensible person to see why this resolution should be objected to. But it was. Senator Teller made a furious speech in opposition. But he did not attack the wording of the resolution itself. Oh, no! He was too shrewd for that. He made an assault on Cleveland's administration, but did not dare point out the real objection of the silver men to the resolution.

That objection is this: Were such a provision added to the present laws authorizing bonds, those containing this option would be preferred at 3 per cent to those at 4 or 5 per cent which are simply payable in "coin." The option bonds would find a quick market; "coin" bonds would not be wanted.

This would show the people of the country the fact which some of them seem slow to realize—that the mere possibility that bonds may be redeemed in silver dollars cripples the credit of the United States, compels us to pay a higher interest, and is a burden on the people themselves.

The number of people who are obliged to be disagreeable in order to attract attention seems to be on the increase.

If Cincinnati wants the Democratic convention she should have it, but if she really does want it, there is no accounting for tastes.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

The new year opens with business in an unsettled condition, owing to the bond situation, yet the conditions are full of promise for the future. The sharp winter weather will promote the distribution of seasonable goods, which should have come in December. Exports of wheat are increasing, and prices are showing more strength. The announcement of a new bond issue, which will fortify the gold reserve, and remove the element of uncertainty from our finances, brings an inducement of strength, due to renewed confidence. Congress is repeating the error of a year ago, in postponing a courageous settlement of our finances. It must take hold of the problem, for the present situation is anomalous and absurd.

The certainty of a bond call under the old act of 1875, because of the Senate "hold-up" of the new bond bill, has produced a mixed condition of affairs in the exchange market. The official reports of the gold movement at New York shows exports of $1,677,034, of which $1,020,542 was in gold bars for London, and $500,000 in United States coin for Buenos Ayres. The imports were $124,871, from Southern points. Yet, on the other hand, we have reports of gold engaged in Europe, attracted by the premium of 1 1-4 per cent, offered by the bankers concerned in taking the new issue of bonds.

It seems absurd to see gold going out at par, and at the same time other gold coming in at a slight premium; but it is due to the fact that real money—coin—has a double use. It is not only a circulating medium, but also quite as much a commodity as is wheat or cotton. The gold which goes out is simply fulfilling its money function; that which is coming is bought as a commodity. This anomalous condition is merely temporary, of course.

Of course, the New York money market hardened last week under these conditions. Call loans closed at 4@6 per cent. Time money during the week was in good demand, the high basis of demand loan rates serving as a stimulus to borrowers to fix their indebtedness on a more reasonable basis. Various reasons, of which the disbursement of funds in payment of dividends is by no means the least important, have curtailed the amount of money offered. Rates 6 per cent and upwards.

The stock market was irregular and disordered all the week, alternately advancing and yielding, but generally scoring gains until a general decline on Saturday. In the view of Wall street, there were two reasons for the general decline in prices which set in on that day. One was an inference quite needlessly drawn from the Bank of England's advance in its selling price for American gold coin; the other, a more or less general misgiving that current events at Washington might upset the syndicate operation, and, through that, block relief to the local strain on the money market. The latter has been removed by the issue of the call for bonds. The action of the Bank of England is due to the offering of a premium for gold.

THE VENEZUELAN COMMISSION.

The Venezuelan commission is made up of very competent men. Justice Brewer, of the Supreme court, is a jurist of the highest type, and well versed in international law. Hon. Andrew D. White, once President of Cornell university, and later Minister to Russia, is one of the most eminent scholars of this country. Frederick R. Coudert is a lawyer of high ability, and was one of the American counsel for the Bering Sea commission. Richard D. Alvey is a judge, and has a high reputation in Maryland. Daniel G. Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins university, is a man well known in the world of letters, and an authority on international law.

While it is true that these gentlemen are not as widely known by name to the masses of the American people as they would be were they in active political life, it does not follow that their selection is not eminently judicious. Their duties require a high degree of intelligence, and the choice of scholars rather than mere politicians is wise. The commission will have to sift and weigh evidence, which requires judicial and legal training; hence the selection of men with experience on the bench, and lawyers of a high grade. Altogether the appointments command the respect and the endorsement of the American people.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

Senor De Lome, the Spanish minister at Washington, in a newspaper interview, declares there is no danger of the United States recognizing the Cuban revolutionists, because they are unworthy the recognition of white men. Senor De Lome should remember that he has no authority to speak for this government. His remarks were in bad taste, and betray his extreme anxiety lest the event he says will not happen shall soon become an accomplished fact.

The fact is, the revolution is gaining ground steadily, and the recent movement in force toward Havana, and its success in driving back the Spanish forces, have given a strong impetus to the popular demand in this country for a recognition of the republic, at least as a belligerent.

The United States has recognized each Spanish American republic as it revolted and threw off the yoke of Spain. Cuba is the last of these, and it is manifest destiny that its independence shall be recognized very speedily unless an overwhelming overthrow of the republican forces relegate the movement to the status of an insurrection.

Martial law has been declared in the provinces of Havana and Pinar del Rio on account of the advance of the Cuban army. The apparently irresistible progress of the Cubans has encouraged their sympathizers around Havana, and great accessions to the insurgent forces are apprehended by the Spanish authorities, and an uprising in the city of Havana is regarded as not unlikely. Gomez continues to outwit and outmarch the Spanish troops, who swarm around him, trying to force him to battle, but unable to check his advance. The news is very encouraging, and the people of the United States hope for the fall of Havana, as the success of the revolution will be thereby pretty nearly assured.

During the year 1895, fifty-three railroads were sold in foreclosure, aggregating 13,129 miles of lines and representing a total bonded debt and stock of $775,776,000. During the year receivers were appointed for thirty-one roads. That is a bad showing, and tells a tale of bad business, due to the depression of the past two years.

There is a Monroe doctrine which applies to Africa, and John Bull has just been informed of the fact.

"My Commissioner" Blount is not included in the Venezuelan list.

WHERE THEY SHOULD GO.

Singers to Alto, Ga.
Bakers to Cakes, Pa.
Jewelers to Gem, Ind.
Smokers to Weed, Cal.
Printers to Agate, Col.
The sleepy to Gap, Pa.
The idle to Rust, Minn.
Cranks to Peculiar, Mo.
Poets to Parnassus, Pa.
Dead heads to Gratis, O.
Actors to Star City, Ark.
Perfumers to Aroma, Ill.
Apiarists to Beeville, Ind.
Tramps to Grubtown, Pa.
Bankers to Deposit, N. Y.
Small men to Bigger, Ind.
Widowers to Widows, Ala.
Brokers to Stockville, Nev.
Old Maids to Antiquity, O.
Lovers to Spoonville, Mich.
Hunters to Deer Trail, Col.
Young ladies to Bangs, Va.
Hucksters to Yellville, Ark.
Cobblers to Shoe Heel, N. C.
Politicians to Buncombe, N. C.
The "boys" to Midway, S. C.
Theosophists to Mystic, Conn.
Topers to Brandy Station, Va.
Physicians to Doctortown, Ga.
Puzzle fiends to Riddleville, Ga.
Drummers to Modest Town, Va.
Druggists to Balsam Lake, Wis.
Prohibitionists to Drystown, Cal.
Political orators to Stumptown, Pa.
The gum brigade to Chewtown, Pa.
Newly married couples to Bliss, Mich.
Three-card monte men to Trickum, Ky.

LATE SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

It is reported that a perfectly round microbe, which is believed to be the cause of scurvy, has been isolated.

Prof. Dewar has exhibited at the Royal Institution, London, an apparatus that liquifies air in large quantities and at small expense.

The French government has granted $4,000 for the erection of a building for the treatment of mental and nervous diseases by electricity.

Inoculation with gradually increased doses of venom to induce immunity from snake bites has proved very successful in late experiments in India.

Storage batteries are rapidly taking the place of primary batteries for the operation of telegraph, telephone, police, fire, burglar alarm and similar systems.

The importance of angle worms in agriculture has been demonstrated in Germany. Vegetables were grown in wooden boxes with and without worms. In every case the presence of the worms increased the crop from 25 to 94 per cent.

A long series of experiments, in which dogs were fed alternately with each substance during four consecutive periods, has shown, it is stated, that natural butter and manufactured oleomargarine are practically equal in digestibility and nutritive value.

One of the professors of the Michigan Agriculture College is about to experiment with the storage battery mounted on a wheelbarrow for the purpose of destroying weeds. Wires will extend from the battery and trail upon the ground, thus bringing the current in contact with the weeds.

A recent discovery shows that certain metals are capable of destroying certain microbes in contact with them. Gold, platinum, nickel and a few other metals had no effect, but copper, zinc and silver were effective in some instances, and cadmium in nearly all. The metals most readily attacked by chemical reagents were most destructive. A search through the rarer metals and minerals might yield, it is thought, antidotes for all the poisons of the various disease organisms that would be harmless to the human body.

Chloride of lead is a cheap, inodorous and effective disinfectant. The cost can be considerably reduced by preparing the solution oneself. This is done by dissolving half a pint of the nitrate in a pint or more of boiling water and adding to a solution of two drachms of common salt in a pail or bucket of water. The clear fluid left after the sediment has subsided is a saturated solution of chloride of lead. A cloth dipped in this and hung up in a room with sweeten the atmosphere almost instantly, and the solution is equally effective for purifying sinks, drains, etc.

An astonishing discovery in regard to the production of electricity is announced, which, if genuine, will do away with the necessity of burning coal. Dr. Borchers, of Driesburg, Germany, says that he has found that electricity is generated by the conversion of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide into carbonic acid; and as this is the same thing that takes place in burning coal, he accomplishes the same end by chemical means by what he calls the wet process. While a steam engine utilizes about 12 per cent of the theoretical energy, and a gas engine 20 per cent, Dr. Borchers claims that his new process gives no less than 28 per cent.

ANIMAL NOTES.

A London dog noticed that at a certain crossing the policeman stops the traffic to allow his mistress to pass over. The other day the dog went out alone, and when he came to the crossing he barked to attract the policeman's attention. The policeman observed what the dog wanted. He stopped the traffic, and the dog walked slowly across the street.

In an old rat's nest found in the chimney of an old house at Ligonier, Pa., last week were some papers bearing date 1770, a Mexican dollar of 1774, and a Mexican quarter of 1772.

A tiger with purple stripes and a short, bushy tail was discovered in May on the roof of a bungalow about twenty miles from Calcutta. The strange creature was shot by a native, and when it was examined everybody was astonished to find that one of its teeth was filled with gold. The story is told on the authority of the Maharajah Ram Bambah.

The dog of a clergyman in Yorkshire, says a writer in the London Spectator, had certain religious instincts, and when he saw the books brought out for evening prayer retired to his corner. One evening they were bought out while he was gnawing a bone. Instinctively he dropped it and withdrew. The cat, being a pagan and carnivorous, took possession of the bone. The dog growled at her, but budged not an inch. Scarcely had the last "Amen" sounded when he made one spring. The fate of the cat I have not words to describe.

A striking instance of a cat's maternal devotion is reported by the San Francisco Chronicle. While the steamer Saturn was in port the pet cat of the seamen had a litter of kittens, which she installed amid the freight on the wharf. Sailing day came, and the steamer, on her way to Liverpool, was about two hundred yards from the pier when the cat realized what was going on. She was leaving her kittens behind her to starve. She jumped overboard, swam back to the wharf, climbed to a pile, and dripping with water ran to her babies. The freight clerks saw her, and the crew of another steamer gave her and her progeny excellent quarters.

The aggregate clearings of the New York banks for the year 1895 were $29,841,796,924, an increase of $5,453,989,905. This shows a fair revival of business during last year, and every indication points to its continuance in the year just opening.

Just one-half the members of the present Congress are college graduates. Time will tell whether they are better public servants than the other half.

Why not call him "Horizontal" Dingley?

CURRENT EVENTS.

The United States government will take steps against German insurance companies operating in this country unless Prussia rescinds the measures recently directed against American insurance companies operating in Prussia.

Burglars chloroformed Mrs. Wieman at Port Jervis, N. Y., and stole $6,000 worth of property, and at Rahway, New Brunswick and other New Jersey towns have excited the residents by their frequent visits.

Four horses escaped from a pasture and blocked Long Island Railroad trains for several hours by becoming entangled in a trestle.

R. G. Dyrenforth, of Detroit, Mich., has a scheme for dispelling London's fogs by the explosion of balloons, causing rain.

The Herald's special correspondent in Georgetown, British Guiana, sends word that Cabral, the self-constituted ruler of Amapa, will resist all French claims to the contested territory. He continues to commit atrocious cruelties upon French subjects.

Governor Morton is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, but his policy is not to announce that fact to the public.

It is stated that the administration has determined to ask full indemnity from Turkey for damages suffered by American citizens in her empire.

Mayor Swift, of Chicago, Ill., in a speech at a banquet, charged the corruption of the city council to "prominent citizens."

A Bible institute is to be established at San Francisco, Cal., by all the Evangelical churches there.

Knoxville, Tenn., has received a contract for furnishing 500,000 pounds of dried apples to the German army.

Alfred N. Tripp hanged himself at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., because he was afraid he couldn't manage his $500,000 estate.

Under a decision of Judge Morrow in San Francisco, Cal., it is held that state courts have no right to naturalize Chinamen.

Sportsmen in Kentucky are advocating a bounty on hawks and the absolute prohibition of shooting quail in the state for two years.

A thief stole two baby lions from the Hagenbeck show, at Atlanta, Ga., but he soon dropped his prize, which he had found packed in a basket.

Mrs. Talcott, of West Hartford, Conn., celebrated her 105th birthday last Christmas day. She is believed to be the oldest woman in Connecticut.

Charles L. Williams, a noted "crook," who five years ago forged the name of Mrs. Robert Garrett, was just been caught by Baltimore detectives.

Thomas Potts, accused of murder, when released from the jail at Port Pleasant, W. Va., tried to kill Mott

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The goods we offered to the subscribers of The Blade last year met with such favor that we have concluded this year to extend our list of waterproof coats for men and ladies. The prices this year will be somewhat lower than last, and we have added to the list. We offer both single texture and double texture, sewed and seamed. These goods are not pasted together, but SUBSTANTIALLY SEWED.

We prepay express charges, and deliver these goods at your nearest express office. When you order, please give your postoffice and your express office address.

Men's Waterproofs, Double Texture, With Detachable Capes.

No. 500 black diagonal, double stitch seams $5 50
No. 501 tan diagonal, double stitch seams 5 50
No. 502, blue diagonal, double stitch seams 5 50
No. 550, Black Henrietta, double stitch seams 6 00
No. 551, Blue Henrietta, double stitch seams 6 00
No. 552 Tan Covert, double stitch seams 6 00
No. 600, Black All Wool, double stitch seams 7 50
No. 601, Blue All Wool, double stitch seams 7 50

Men's Double-Breasted Box, Velvet Collar, No Cape.

No. 700, Black, All Wool, seams sewed and strapped $8 00
No. 701, Blue, All Wool, seams sewed and strapped 8 00

Regular sizes are 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, breast measure. A 40-inch coat is supposed to fit a man whose breast measure over his under coat is 40 inches. State size you want.

Women's Mackintoshes—Inverness Garments. (Sleeveless.)

No. 800 single texture, fast black, with 27-inch cape, unlined $4 00
No. 801, single texture fast tan, with 27-inch cape, unlined 4 00
No. 802, single texture fast blue, with 27-inch cape, unlined 4 00
No. 803, double texture fast black Henrietta, 27-inch cape 6 00
No. 804, double texture fast blue Henrietta, 27-inch cape 6 00
No. 805, double texture, black Henrietta, double cape detachable 7 00
No. 806, double texture, blue Henrietta, double cape detachable 7 00

Give your bust measure and length down the back from collar seam to bottom of skirt. We shall require some little time for filling these orders, as they have to be forwarded East to the factory, after we get the orders, and in most cases the garments are made to order. Subscribers, therefore, should not look for these goods sooner than three weeks after they mail us the order.

Address
THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons $1 25
½ dozen teaspoons 85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks 2 25
½ dozen tablespoons or forks 1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks 2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks 1 15
½ dozen table knives 2 50
1 dozen table knives 4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of The Blade.

NO. 6618—LADIES' MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHUS.

The picturesque neck draperies of the Marie Antoinette period are found among the dainty accessories of the toilette of the fashionable women. The soft, fine mull, chiffon, silk muslin, crepe-de-chine, or Brussels net, of which they are usually made, draped around the neck in soft folds, with the fluffy, ruffled edging of soft lace or fine embroidery, render them graceful and becoming alike to young and old. No. 1 is here pictured of butter colored chiffon, shaped in square or sailor outline at the back, the edges being finished with frills of the chiffon, edged with butter-colored Valenciennes lace. No.

No. 6618—LADIES' MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHUS.

2 is of white mull with deep frills of handsome lace. It is shaped in round outline in black, and lies in soft, natural folds around the neck. The ends can hang loosely or tied in a knot over the bust, as here presented.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make designs No. 1 or No. 2 is 1 yard for either a 32-inch, 36-inch, or 40-inch breast measure.

The pattern, which is No. 6618, and retails for 25 cents, is cut for a 32-inch, 36-inch and 40-inch breast measure.

NO. 6579—LADY'S DRESSING SACQUE.

The dainty jacket here pictured is made of pink and pale green figured soft silk, with a broad yoke collar of batiste and insertion, edged with a deep frill of lace. The jacket, which fits the form easily, is of convenient and becoming length. It is neatly adjusted by single bust darts, back, side back and under-arm gores, that, from their shaping below the waist line, produce the pretty full folds now so fashionable. Small silver buttons, with buttonholes, effect the closing in center front to the waist line, a double bow of green satin ribbon being placed there for decoration. A standing collar finishes the neck, which is decorated in front with a bow of narrower ribbon. Full gigot

NO. 6579—LADY'S DRESSING SACQUE.

sleeves are completed at the wrists with a cuff of lace to match the frill on the broad yoke collar. Useful jackets of this kind can be stylishly made up in cashmere, flannel, camel's hair, flanneiette and other soft, plain, mixed or figured goods of wool or cotton texture, with or without lining. The bust darts can be omitted, and the fullness confined at the waist by a semi-girdle of ribbon, inserted in the under-arm seams and tied in front.

The quantity of 44-inch-wide material required to make this sacque for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 2⅞ yards; for a 36-inch size, 3¼ yards; for a 40-inch size, 4 yards; for a 42-inch size, 4¼ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6579, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in six sizes—for a 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 38-inch, 40-inch and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 6604—CHILD'S JACKET.

Pale pink French flannel is here daintily decorated with lace and insertion, a bow of pin satin ribbon being tied at the neck. This pretty garment is a very necessary and convenient part of a child's wardrobe and can be made up as plainly or as fanciful as desired. It is simply shaped with shoulder and under-arm seams, and closes in front with pearl buttons and buttonholes. The full puffs are arranged over sleeve linings that are faced and decorated at the wrists to form cuffs, frills of lace falling over the hands. The handsome broad fancy collar finishes the neck, a frill of lace edging it all around, with the insertion laid on half an inch from the edge. Fancy pockets trimmed to match are placed on each front. Delicate shades of French or cutting flannel, cashmere, merino, camel's hair, soft serge or ladies' cloth will make pretty jackets in this style that can be worn on the street in mild weather or, when additional warmth is required, indoors. Feather

NO. 6604—CHILD'S JACKET.

stitching and narrow satin ribbon decorate these jackets tastefully.

The quantity of 36-inch wide material required to make this jacket for a child six months old is 1⅛ yards; for a two-year-old size, 1⅞ yards; for a four-year-old size, 2⅝ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6604, and retails for twenty-five cents, is cut in four sizes, for a child of six months, one year, two years and four years of age.

NO. 6632—LADY'S RIPPLE BASQUE.

Mordore cheviot and beige-colored faced cloth are stylishly associated in this plain, tailor-finished basque, which is one of the newest modes. The adjustment is glove fitting to the waist line, below which the fashionable flutelike effect at the sides and back is produced by the shaping, the fronts and sides fitting easily. A high military collar finishes the neck. The edges are finished with bias bands or straps of light cloth,

NO. 6632—LADY'S RIPPLE BASQUE.

and the closing is made invisibly in center front with hooks and eyes, small dull-gilt buttons being placed on each side in groups of three, as shown. The full gigot sleeves are fashioned with a single seam and arranged to droop in graceful wrinkles over comfortable, two-seamed linings, the wrists being completed with a band of the beige cloth and three small buttons. To wear under short capes or cape collars of fur the mode here represented is very popular, as it is becoming alike to all figures and can be given infinite variety by the addition of fancy collars, cuffs, and other toilette accessories now fashionable. A close-fitting under vest of chamois renders it warm enough for street wear. Basques in this style can be made up smartly from all varieties of smooth or rough-faced cloth, cheviot, tweed, covert suiting, serge, diagonal or whipcord, and edged with braid or bands of cloth, or with the edge plainly stitched in tailor fashion. The closing can be made with buttons and buttonholes if so preferred.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this basque for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 3 yards; for a 36-inch size, 3 1-4 yards; for a 40-inch size, 3 1-2 yards; for a 42-inch size, 3 3-4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6632, and retails for 25 cents, is cut in sizes for a 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 38-inch, 40-inch and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 6613—LADY'S NINE GORED SKIRT.

Fancy black Jacquard cloth is the material represented in this stylish skirt that is shaped with nine gores and closed in center back. The front and three side gores narrow at the top and fit smoothly at the waist, widening gradually below the hips to flare in rounded flutes at the lower edge, the two center-back gores being laid in box plaits at the top. The skirt measures nearly six yards at the top and can be interlined with haircloth or not, as preferred, a deep facing giving the dispended effect now fashionable. This will be found a good model for silk, satin, velvet or other narrow width fabrics, or in making over skirts they can be widened with front and second side gores of contrasting material with stylish effect. Each seam can be piped or decorated with braid, passementerie, gimp or stitched bands of cloth if a more elaborate finish is desired. Crepon, smooth and boucle-faced cloth, serge, cheviot and the many varieties of plain

NO. 6613—LADY'S NINE GORED SKIRT.

and fancy mixed fabrics will develop stylishly by the mode.

The quantity of 22-inch wide material required to make this skirt for a lady having a 22-inch waist measure is 10 1-4 yards; for a 26-inch size, 10 1-2 yards; for a 30-inch size, 10 3-4 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6613 and retails for 30 cents, is cut in sizes for 22-inch, 24-inch, 26-inch, 28-inch and 30-inch waist measure.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern called for (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress.

For ladies give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give BREAST measure in inches. Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure all of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

IN A PAGAN TEMPLE.

It is to be Illuminated by the Electric Light.

According to the Times of Ceylon, the introduction of the electric light into the Sivan Hindu temple at Kichlcadde, which is attended by the more respectable members of the Hindu community, is being considered. The premises of this Hindu place of worship are at present lighted by gas, and the trustees propose to substitute the electric light for gas; but whether they will introduce it into the interior of the building is a matter which is now under their consideration. It is said that, if the Sivan Hindu temple introduce the innovation the trustees of the equally wealthy temple of the Natukotta chettles in Sea street are sure to follow the example set by their more enlightened brethren.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

A RHYME OF THE NAVY.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

It was a bright March evening, in the year of Sixty-two,
The ocean monster Merrimac off Craney Island drew,
Full freighted with her forty guns, the monarch of the seas,
With Rebel soldiers on her deck, and banners on her breeze.

She was the stanchest ship of war that ever put from shore,
'Tis said her like was never lanched upon the seas before;
And at each side an iron-clad, the Jamestown and the York,
Prepared to make of Yankee sloops a supper for the shark.

And straight to Newport News they bore, fast plowing thro' the spray,
To where our little Cumberland lay rocking on the bay;
And where the crippled Congress, too, as yet unused to ware,
At anchor swung upon the tide, beneath the Stripes and Stars.

As darkness fell on Hampton Roads, that long remembered night,
No choice was left our Yankee tars but strike their flag or fight;
No shadow of a hope to cheer, no Providence to save,
They could but make a gallant stand, and gain a glorious grave.

From Fort Monroe a cry went up of strong men in despair,
They saw the doomed ship's streamers wave, but could not reach them there;
They saw the triple monsters near, with dark insatiate brow,
And treason floating at the mast, and death upon the prow.

Each pivot-gut was in its place, each bluecoat at his post,
And still the Merrimac drove on, as noiseless as a ghost;
On board the Cumberland no word escaped a soldier's lip,
But every man resolved to die ere he'd desert the ship.

And now the heavy Armstrongs are groaning o'er the deep,
And shrieking storms of solid shot from hidden engines leap;
At once, and with an awful crash of thunderstricken walls,
Before the traitor's plunging prow the Union frigate falls.

Her shattered hull is settling fast beneath the dusky sea,
With fifty gunners on her deck, too proud to bend the knee;
And lo! from heaps of mangled men some reel with death-dim eye,
And stagger fiercely to their guns an instant but to die.

Thro' all the thunder of the fray was gallant Morris heard,
To left and right among the crew, who kindled at his word;
I trow no mortal man e'er fought more truly brave than they,
And nobly did they face their doom upon that bloody bay.

And still our starry banner swung sublimely at their mast,
And when the blessed ship went down it fluttered to the last;
And as the morrow's sun arose upon the red sea sand,
Its rainbow folds were floating still above the Cumberland.

And what a Sabbath morn was that, and who can tell the woe
That beat within our soldiers' breasts, like billows to and fro?
Full well they knew another hour would turn the tide of war,
And many a brother man would fall, in the cause he battled for.

And now the floating fort again comes driving up the sea,
Round Tanner's Point and Craney Isle, with spirits light and free,
And pleasure boats are at the stern, and ladies gay,
To see the Southern kraken sweep our sloops of war away.

Thence onward up the Chesapeake, with naught to stay her power,
She'll sink her flukes at Washington, before another hour,
And thro' the National Capital will howl the dogs of war,
And Philadelphia, too, must fall, New York, and Baltimore.

But see! what tiny thing is that, far northward on the line,
No larger than a grain of sand, or purple drop of wine?
What means that shouting up and down the old Virginia shore,
And why do those old harbors ring, as they never rang before?

Go back! go back! oh, Merrimac! the Lord is on the sea,
'Twas he that put yon boat afloat, and you must let her be;
Death rides gigantic on her tower, and warns you to return,
Now speed you back, proud Merrimac, or a bloody lesson learn.

Undaunted, free, the ocean-waif comes dancing down the tide,
With freedom's passport on her prow, and a lily-crew inside;
And when full into view she hove, the Rebels roared and laughed,
And swore it was a "Yankee cheese," upon a "Yankee raft."

They scarcely deemed her worth a shot, so short, so weak, so small,
Two port holes in a turning tub, a flag—and that was all.
But see! Upon the traitors fierce, she rushes swift and bold,
Like David on Goliath, in the holy war of old.

Now clouds of flashing fire and smoke around the foemen wrap,
And deep amidst the tempest, wild the cannon thunders clap,
While crashing round the ship like hail, the iron bullets shower,
Great God our gallant soldiers' shield in this terrific hour.

But hark! Above the battle din breaks forth a joyous peal,
The baby "Monitor" has crushed the Rebel's rival steel;
She staggers, stricken to the heart, as a lightning-shattered tree,
And drags her shameless, bleeding hulk, forever off the sea.

Now lift your voices, every one, and fling your banners out,
On every sunny hill and plain, let "Freedom" be the shout;
Huzzah for noble Ericsson, and gallant Worden, too,
And glory to the "Monitor," and its heroic crew.

Of all the tales of naval strife that mortal yet has read,
There is not one compares with that, at Hampton Roads, 'tis said;
And as the tide of time flows on, the story'll still be told,
How the boasted "Merrimac" went down in the Civil War of old.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla, taken at this season, will make you feel strong and vigorous and keep you from sickness later on.

WEATHER FALLACIES.

Beliefs in Regard to the Moon's Influence Not Credited.

Fallacies about the moon are numerous, such as that the full moon clears away the clouds; that you should only sow beans or cut down trees in the wane of the moon; that it is a bad sign if she changes on a Saturday or Sunday; that two full moons in a month will cause a flood; that to see the old moon in the arms of the new brings on rain, and many others, of which a catalogue alone would take up a good deal of space. M. Flammarion says that "the moon's influence on the weather is negligible. The heat reaching us from the moon would only affect our temperature by the twelve-millionths of a degree, and the atmospheric tides caused by the moon would only affect the barometric pressure a few hundredths of an inch—a quantity far less than the changes which are always taking place from other causes." On the whole, we are disposed to agree with the rhyme which thus sums up the subject:

The moon and the weather
May change together;
But change of the moon
Does not change the weather.

Even the halo around the moon has been discredited, for Mr. Lowe found that it was as often followed by fine weather as by rain, and Messrs. Marriott and Abercromby found that the lunar halo immediately preceded rain in 54 cases out of 61. We always have a lingering hope that some future meteorologist will disentangle the overlapping influences, and arrive some day at a definite proof that our satellite after all has something to do with the weather.—Nature.

Involuntary Confession.

He—Don't you think Flynn's conversation smacks of egotism?
She (thoughtlessly)—I have noticed the smacks.—Detroit Free Press.

In Days to Come.

"Did you overtake your daughter and the young man with whom she eloped?"
"No. Their motocycle was faster than mine.—Chicago Post.

CHAMINADE, COMPOSER.

A Woman Whose Songs Have Made Her Famous.

Very few in this country know anything about Chaminade. Of course you know Chaminade's music, and you probably have thought more than once that "he is a very clever fellow," or that his pretty, lilting, hauntingly sweet songs were so delicate and elusive because he was French, and French composers' work, no matter how artistic, usually has a feminine timbre.

If you thought this, you have been mistaken all along, for the name so familiar to concert goers as the composer of "Si j'etais jardiniera," "Feuilles de Roses," and many other musical dainties is a woman. She is

an attractive woman, as will be seen by portrait, and she is only 35 years of age.

Mlle. Chaminade studied at the Conservatoire, and at 15 took first prize for piano. She has composed scores of little love songs, and more serious music which is not so well known. A lullaby which she composed for one of the de Lesseps babies, "L'Homme au Sable," is a gem in its way. Chaminade lives at Suresnes, near Paris, where she has a country house, and where she works from early morn till dewy eve. One of the daintiest of her songs (the words of which she frequently composes as well as the music) is "Tu Me Diarais." The two first "Strophes" are pretty enough to bear repeating here:

Tu me dirais que l'on entend la souffle
Q'au sein d'une fleur exhale un papillon
Et que l'on a retrove la panlouife
Quand fuyant, laissa choir Cendrillon
Et vois ma folie ami—je te croirais!

Tu me dirais que l'astre que scintille
A vers luisant doit son eclat radieux
Et que la nuit accroche a sa mantille
Comme un bijou le soleil radieux
Et vois ma folie ami—je te croirais!

THE POPULAR GIRL.

Does not snub her juniors.
Does not backbite her associates.
Does not indulge in cheap cynicism.
Does not discourse in a frothy style.
Does not dress to outshine her sisters.
Does not converse in a pedagogic vein.
Does not aim to have a world-worn air.
Does not tell either girls or men of her prowess as a "scalper."
Does not try to be the most conspicuous feature in the landscape.
Does not make such a fetich of frankness as to be rude and tactless.
Does not seek to be witty at the expense of other people's feelings.
Does not dress so badly that she brings the blush of mortified vanity to her escort's cheek.
Does not hide her light under a bushel and refuse to contribute her share towards the general entertainment.
Does not ever fail in generosity of word and deed, and fails as seldom as possible in generosity of thought.—New York World.

TELLS ONE ON HIMSELF.

A New Missouri Congressman Who Did Not Know Grover Was Loaded.

Congressman Hubbard, of Missouri, tells a good story on himself, says the Washington Post. A few days ago he conceived the idea of calling on President Cleveland at the White House in a social capacity. He began to feel a trifle nervous over it as the hour drew nigh, and in order to have no untoward happening he rehearsed a pretty little speech, of which he would deliver himself when he stood face to face with the President. The speech ran like this:

"Mr. President, my name is Hubbard. I am a Congressman from Missouri. You will probably remember me when I tell you that I beat Silver Dick Bland."

Hubbard committed his little speech until he was perfect in it and could rattle it off in his sleep, and then started for the White House, over and anon, as he went along, turning the lines over in his mind to make sock sure of saying them just right when the occasion should arrive. He reached the White House, where his name was taken to the President, and he was ushered in to be received. Before Hubbard could say a word the President reached out his hand and said:

"Ah, you are Mr. Hubbard, of Missouri, and you beat Bland."

The President had taken the speech out of Hubbard's mouth, and the Missourian had neglected to commit another. He felt terribly confused, and for several seconds was at a loss what to say. But he finally recovered his balance, and, remembering that the President was fond of shooting and fishing, he began to tell him what great hunting they have in Missouri. The President said he was glad to hail a fellow sportsman in him, and by this time Hubbard's nerve was up to the required notch for him to venture his congratulations upon the stand he had taken upon the Venezuelan question. By the time he left the White House he felt confident of his ability to unreel a tariff speech in the House.

ORDERED A TIN PETTICOAT.

The Pope Insisted That a Nude Statue be Draped.

One of the most curious instances of the struggle between art and propriety is shown in St. Peter's. The writer was rambling through the great cathedral one day, says the Troy Press, when he suddenly came upon an enormity. It was the superbly sculptured figure of a beautiful woman, the head, hands, neck, ankles and feet separate masterworks of art. The word separate is used advisedly, for the torso and legs were modestly hidden under a tin petticoat painted to represent marble, but so ill in color and drapery line that the entire statue seemed disjointed and at war in its component parts. "Si signor," said the guide, apologetically. "It is the impossible. Very true. But what can be helped? The sculptor he made beautiful model nude. It will not do. It is on the pope's tomb. The pope, he came to see his tomb two, three hundred years ago. He say no. We will not have such thing. He tell the sculptor to put on the drapery. The artist, he say no—it is impossible. Then the pope call a workman and he say—put on the clothes on the figure. The workman not an artist, only a workman. He put on the tin petticoat and paint it. The pope satisfied. He die an' in the tomb. But everybody wonder two, three hundred years at the figure."

PROF. HIND DEAD.

A Noted English Astronomer Passed Away.

John Russell Hind, discoverer of several of the minor planets which move between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and for many years superintendent of the British Nautical Almanas office, died in London recently at the age of 72. Hind was a juvenile prodigy. At the age of 16 he was a writer of articles on astronomy in the newspapers of Nottingham, England, which was his native city. At 22 he was an author, his first book being "The Solar System." The next year he discovered his first planetoid, and in 1852 he "picked up" four of them in a single year, a most remarkable feat for those days. In 1880 Hind was president of the Royal Astronomical society. His most important original work was done more than forty years ago, but he was an active and useful worker up to a late date.

CULTIVATION OF MUSHROOMS

TOLEDO FURNISHES MANY OF THE LARGE CITIES WITH A SUPPLY.

They Retail From Sixty Cents to One Dollar Per Pound—How They Are Cultivated.

Toledo Daily Blade, Jan. 6.

Few people in this city know that Toledo furnishes as many mushrooms for the market in the great cities of the land as any other city in the country. The mushrooms are grown here inside the city limits, and are sent daily to supply the markets at Chicago, Milwaukee, Louisville, Cincinnati, New York, Boston and other cities.

"Grows like a mushroom" is a phrase that is frequently used in speaking of rapidity in growth, but few of us have occasion to make any closer acquaintance with the mushroom. The mere fact that mushrooms retail at 60 cents per pound, and that it takes several pounds to satisfy an ordinary healthy boy is only an incident and is no conclusive reason why mushrooms are not popular in every family. The fact is of course mushrooms are not to our taste, and this readily explains why sot over twenty-five pounds per week are ever used in Toledo. Toledo is not a mushroom city, and any insinuation that it is a thrust at the stability and solidity of our business interests.

A few of us who have attended district school remember meeting the mushroom in the forest as it grew spontaneously out of Mother Earth and rotten logs. How eagerly it was grasped and carried home and after attempting to cook it in three or four different ways it was finally thrown over the back fence into the hog-pen and henceforth regarded unpalatable. Since that time few of us have been on speaking terms with the mushroom, and would hardly recognize the large, cultured and refined mushrooms grown in the gardener's green-house.

George Bayer, gardener at Fulton street and Islington, has just begun to cultivate extensively this plant which is so highly prized by many.

He said to The Blade: "I have been raising mushrooms in small quantities for a number of years, but within the past year have made extensive improvements. I formerly raised them in the hot houses with other plants, but I now have boxes specially designed for the purpose. It often occurs that the mushrooms need air and light when plants do not and vice versa, and so by having separate boxes I can secure the best results. My cuttings now run from 50 to 125 pounds per day. To market them we send them to New York, Boston, Chicago, Louisville, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg and other large cities. Toledo seldom uses as much as 25 pounds a week while we supply Chicago with 30 pounds a day. Last week Toledo used ten pounds. Mushrooms retail from 60 cents to $1 per pound. It takes about a week for mushrooms to develop. As cultivated they grow largely above the surface of the soil, though they are generally supposed to grow underneath the surface."

With daily cuttings amounting to from 50 to 125 pounds per day and the retail price at 60 cents per pound Mr. Bayer has a good thing and he will continue to push it along. The manner of cultivating mushrooms varies somewhat with each gardener, but the general process is quite similar.

A hot-bed is prepared and when the heat is on a decline at about 90 degrees the spawn or seed is planted. Proper conditions of moisture and light are also important in the cultivation of mushrooms. The development of the mushrooms varies somewhat. Some seem to spring up in a day while others take a week from the time the germ is first seen the size of a pinhead, until it is fully developed ready for cutting.

WHEN JOHNNY GETS HIS GUN.

When Johnny gets his gun, look out,
There's bound to be a fuss,
For Johnny is in earnest when
He holds his blunderbuss!
His martial air is wonderful;
His mile upsets all fun,
And things assume a warlike air
When Johnny gets his gun.

In softer moods our John is calm,
He's sportive, gay and good,
And acts with much propriety,
As freemen always should!
When yachting, he will never "load"
His vessel on the run,
But saves his efforts till the time
He wants to load his gun.

He's sturdy on the base ball field,
And football plays with vim;
In cricket, too, he doth excel,
And sports afield with him.
But in the battle van, for right,
He'll make the foeman run;
And, oh, the triumph of that hour
When Johnny gets his gun!

In wild adventure John delights,
He loves to travel, too,
And, when exploring, always keeps
The North Pole up to view!
And, as for loving liberty,
He's freedom's honest son!
And down will go his enemies,
When Johnny gets his gun!

But now he hears the lion roar
In vengeful wrath and rage,
Ah! John has heard that sound before,
You'll read on history's page.
He stood up square at Bunker Hill,
When Freedom's fight begun,
And thousands now will follow quick
When Johnny gets his gun!

Stand back! Monroe once said the word
That makes the nation grand;
And Cleveland gave it emphasis,
A law unto the land!
Stand back! Stand back! A million men
Shout 'neath the Western sun,
And, oh, the gathering of the hosts,
When Johnny gets his gun!
—Buffalo News.

ON MARITAL RIGHTS.

The Charms of Married Life and Also the Disadvantages.

A brilliant woman once declared that if in our life the game was 100, marriage, under any and all circumstances, stood for at least fifty. It must certainly be admitted that the holy estate of matrimony is not only a state ordained by nature, but that it has a large ethical value as an affair of moral development. Some pessimist has put it on record that most marriages are unhappy ones, which is the same as saying most lives are miserable. Yet the majority of the world's inhabitants to-day would doubtless agree with the first opinion passed upon it after its creation, and believe that it is very good. It is true that both men and women are fain to forego, after their earliest married days, the ideal of romance, dismiss the engaging belief that they have married into a race of saints or angels and learn to be well content with a loyal, loving and congenial husband or wife. Marriage may well be called a life school as great and more beneficent than any other, since no other so constantly fosters the divine quality of self-forgetfulness for another's happiness, and those who learn its lessons and apply its precepts grow broader and deeper than any other single experience within the pale of human possibility can make them.

Epigrams of Pat Sheedy.

Pat Sheedy, whose plan to establish a new Monte Carlo at Cairo was telegraphed from New York last week, is something of an epigrammatist. In detailing his plan to the reporter he said that the invalids who go to Cairo are "looking around for some mental diversion. There is no finer thing to divert the mind than gambling. It makes people forget their other troubles." He was once asked how it was that, if he played a "square" game, he could always find people he could beat. "My boy," he replied, "there's a sucker born every minute, and," he added, reflectively, "sometimes twins." On another occasion he watched the bubbles rise in the wine he was drinking. "A glass of wine," he presently observed, "makes a poor Irishman feel like a rich Jew."

Nowadays.

"Th' apparel oft proclaims the man,"
So William Shakespeare said;
But oft we find, if close we scan,
A woman there instead.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LACES.

The Trilby frill marks a new era in neckwear. It brings up the high collar, the stiff ruche and the tailor made necktie.

An evening fichu, fashioned in Elizabethan style, in lavender and white, is one of the new additions to the ballroom toilet.

The Frou-Frou collar as worn by Ellen Terry is very dainty in appearance and finishes up a costume beautifully.

Beaded and sequin nets are finding favor for waist trimmings. They give a brightness to a costume which is well worth striving for.

The following Mantique and modern laces are in vogue: Tambour, Florentine, Japanese point, Point d'Alencon, guipures and Valenciennes.

In made-up-laces among novelties nothing could be found prettier than the new applique collars in black and ecru; accordion-pleated ruffles in white ecru, biscuit tint, violet, pink and ivory, black lisse fronts with real lace applique. Marie Antoinette chiffon sets and net fichus in black and white.

NAUGHTY, BUT ORIGINAL.

A Baby Who Taught His Papa a Lesson in Forbearance.

He is a charming little fellow of four, pretty in his ways, good to look at, but as naughty as they are made, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

He sat on the bottom step, kicking his fat little legs and refusing utterly to obey his father, who had told him to go up stairs several times in increasing degrees of severity.

After a few minutes of this coaxing of wills his exasperated young parent picked him up somewhat suddenly, carried him up and set him down very firmly on a chair in his room, went out and shut the door.

Silence reigned. Not a sound from him for at least half an hour. Then the door was opened and a sweet little voice called out:

"Father, have you got over your tantrum yet? for I should like to come down."

A New Version of an Old Story.

Some time ago a gentleman, whose orchards had been of late systematically robbed, caught a boy in one of his trees, says the London Weekly Telegraph.

"Come down, you young rascal!" shouted the irate owner.

"Nae fears, and you there," replied the urchin.

"Well, I'll wait till you do."

"Verra well."

They had waited about an hour, when an idea occurred to the lad. Snatching an apple, he took steady aim and hit the old fellow on the head with it.

"Hullo, what's up now?"

"It's just this—I'm gaun to keep peltin' till every apple's off the tree, unless ye promise no' to lick me, for if I am gaun to get a hidin', I'm gaun to hae ma sport for it. What d'ye say?"

And the old fellow had to agree.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Life is too short for bitterness,
For thoughts that are not kind—
Sweep back the cloud of jealousies
And let the nobler mind
Look out undimmed. Give fuller sway
To Charity—be just
To those who stumble by the way—
The strongest are but dust.

Life is too short for heedlessness,
For words that hurt and wound,
For acts that set the quivering cords
Of pain to broken sound;
Too short for faithlessness—the heart
That rests on thine may break,
And leave the agony of night
For thy lone life to take.

Life is too short for any work
That is not high and true,
Too short to slight the broader aim
God meant should come to you.
O heart, rise up into the light
Of grander life and thought,
And find the place and blessedness
Thy loving faith has wrought.

KAFFIR CORN.

It Proves to Flourish in All Kinds of Climate.

The question of successful farming in the semi-arid regions of the great West is solved at last, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Kaffir corn, first introduced on the American continent from the Kaffir country, in Africa, less than a decade since, is still an unknown product to nine-tenths of the people of the United States.

At first planted here and there as a curiosity, it was found to grow readily in all localities and under all conditions, and experiments developed the fact that it would mature a crop in the driest and hottest seasons on the high Western plains. A more extended planting of the new grain and a comparison of results obtained soon developed the fact that whether the season was wet or dry, cool or hot, long or short, this new product would thrive on all kinds of soils with the minimum of care and cultivation, and planted any time between the first of April and the middle of July it would mature an absolutely sure crop of grain and fodder before the frosts of autumn.

The stalk looks somewhat like a single shoot of common corn, but shorter, attaining a height usually of from 4 1-2 to 6 feet, and having pointed leaves of a rich green color. The grain forms in a head at the extreme point of the shoot, where the tassel is on ordinary corn, the heads being from seven to twelve inches in length and six to eight in circumference, and when ripe look like great white or red plumes.

The grains are almost round, a little larger than a grain of rice and much resembling a grain of wheat in interior structure.

There are two varieties, red and white, the latter being the favorite crop. Though raised as an experiment here and there throughout the West for several years, it was not until the present year that it became a prominent crop. When the drouth of last spring killed the wheat and oats and seemed almost certain to ruin the corn, the few who had had experience with the new grain began to advise their neighbors to plant Kaffir corn, as it would grow and right in dry weather, and they could thus at least raise feed for their stock. The newspapers took up the advice and soon farmers were planting Kaffir corn, utilizing the ground where wheat and oats had failed at planting on sod or scattered patches where early corn had been burned out.

The planting was continued until well along in August, the acreage being in many sections greater than that ever devoted to a single crop. In Oklahoma alone nearly 50,000 acres were planted with the new crop. And every grain of it planted grew and thrived to maturity, and before the summer was over the farmers began to wonder what they would do with it all. They knew it was good feed for stock, but there was not stock enough in the territory to consume it, and the product was yet so new that it was not recognized in the outside markets.

Experience had already developed the fact that it made a most admirable feed, either in winter stock or fatten them for market, but with an abundance of the grain on hand Oklahoma farmers soon discovered that it was better for horses than either corn or oats, making them fat and stout, and giving them a sleek, glossy appearance.

When it came to feeding hogs it was found that they gained flesh more rapidly than when fed on common corn, and poultrymen have found the Kaffir grain an admirable egg producer, and when fed unthrashed the fowls are given exercise in picking it from the head.

The boys and girls soon discovered that it would pop as well as pop corn, the grains popping out large, white and tender, and women in the country found that boiled-like rice, the grain was excellent eaten with cream and sugar, that mashed into a pulpy mass it made an admirable pudding, and it was also a first-class subsitute for hominy.

Still the quantity produced was so great that the people continued to wonder what they would do with it.

The owner of the roller mills at Medicine Lodge, Kan., ran some of the grain through their corn meal grinder, and produced a meal pronounced in every way equal to the ordinary cornmeal, but he was not content with this, but rigged up a special set of burrs and produced a new product that bids fair to create a revolution in the world's breadstuffs—Kaffir flour.

Some of this flour was made into light bread. The bread was fully as white as bread made from second grade wheat flour, and was sweet and palatable.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

FINE HEADS OF HAIR.

Italian peasants have phenomenally long, heavy hair.

Henri Rochefort has a snowy crown of beautiful locks.

Rustics who live on bread and milk have heavy hair to an advanced age.

Verdi has magnificent locks, of which he is very proud.

All musician's have long hair, Rubenstein's was notably beautiful.

Kalmuck women have hair that touches the ground when they stand up, but its texture is coarse. These women live on a diet of mare's milk, tea and rye bread.

CORRECT NAMES OF VEHICLES.

"Tally-Ho," "Drag," "Trap" and Other Names That Are Misapplied.

The fact that the first coach ever brought to this country by Col. DeLancey Kane was named by its owner "the tally-ho" is no justification for twisting the meaning and enlarging upon the importance of the word, so as to make it refer to coaches generally considered, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The word "tally-ho" is used

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Jane Bell's Corner EDITOR

NOT KNOWING.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half smiling, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends that we know.
—Longfellow.

A PERTINENT QUESTION

WE ARE OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER ALWAYS.

A Grievous Error That Has Its Root in Not Considering the Unity of Life.

Am I my brother's keeper?

A good question, surely, to ask, just as the New Year has swung back its doors for us to pass through into the beyond of physical life, which holds for us each and all—what? No one can tell.

A good question, as I said, and yet not put in those words. It was rather an assertion that I heard of which I am thinking, and yet there was a questioning accent in the voice, as if the speaker knew that he stood, in reality, upon untenable ground. It was more like this: "It is none of my business what he does. If he has not sense enough to behave himself, it is nothing to me."

Is it not?

There is where your mistake, mine, the mistake of all of us, comes in. If human brotherhood be true—a brotherhood founded upon the unity of all life [illegible] human being can go wrong [illegible]s being "something" to [illegible] one of the human family. [illegible]ble. No other conclusion [illegible]There can be no separate[illegible]are all parts of one great [illegible]individually, we cannot [illegible]ults of our own wrong[illegible]lves, so we cannot shut [illegible]y from the consequences [illegible]doing of others, and so [illegible]e not done our utmost [illegible]ve are responsible, and [illegible]row sense. The ques[illegible]BUR COTTON [illegible] my brother's keeper?" is one that selfishness is ever asking, and ever answering in the negative. It is so much easier to limit our sense of responsibility than to broaden it; so much more comfortable, if the voice of the inner Self can be stilled, to sit down and let the "wide world wag as it will," without helping to bear any of its burdens. And yet there is nothing more certain that somwehere and some time, in this life or another, the weight of these same burdens will come back upon us with crushing force. Whatever belongs to humanity, whether of good or ill, belongs to us individually, because of the law of Universal Brotherhood. We may not go upon our way rejoicing, listening to the songs of the birds, breathing the fragrance of the flowers, basking in the sunshine which is shadowed to others, and close our ears to the cries of suffering in the world outside, or our eyes to the sin and the weakness of others which are, in reality, our very own.

Riding in the street car the other day I heard two men talking together. They were speaking, I think, of the law which, it is said, when put into effect, will close 2,000 saloons in Chicago.

"A good thing," said one; "though I don't believe liquor in moderation hurts any one."

"In moderation," replied the other, "but the thing is to take any and be moderate. I tried it for well-nigh forty years and failed. Then it was total abstinence or ruin."

I thought as I looked into his face of the mental and moral force which it had required for him to thus overcome; of how he had fought the foes in his own body, the craving of the almost countless little lives which make it up, and which had acquired the desire for an artificial stimulus that, doubtless, seemed unconquerable; of how he had met and opposed and vanquished, by steady refusal, the persuasions of old companions, had refused to be influenced by the possibility of moderation shown by those who had not to battle against tendencies which may have come to him with birth. And the one sentence which he spoke was a strong protest, though perhaps he did not mean it so, against the sentiment in the community which, in effect says: "Let me gratify my desire, and if 'my brother' is not strong enough to do as I do without ruining himself, it is no concern of mine."

Ah, what a grievous error is this!

By just so much as your example or mine tends to weaken the defenses of another against wrong doing, by just that much is it our "concern," and for just that much will we have to answer somewhere and sometime, for the law of physics, that action and reaction are equal, is just as operative upon the mental and spiritual planes as upon the material. It can not be otherwise, since law is universal.

It is this sense of separateness, this idea of egotism, which lies at the root of the overwhelming selfishness of the age; that renders people careless of their responsibility to others. It is however, impossible to stand alone. Nor is it sufficient to keep our own lives void of offense, but we must extend a helping hand to others less strong; we must aid in whatever way comes to us as best, those who are struggling to overcome the mental or moral taint that is drawing them out of the path which leads to the Divine. A word, even a thought, at a critical moment in the life of another—and we never know when that moment comes—may turn the wheel which was trembling at the balance point, to good. Withheld, and it may turn in the opposite direction with a constantly increasing force. To be always upon the watch for these opportunities to work for good is our duty—nay, rather, our privilege, for each one used adds to our own evolutionary impulse toward the Supreme.

It is said in the Book of Golden Precepts that "inaction in a deed of mercy is a crime," and this applies not simply to the succoring of those who are needy and distressed in body, but to the relieving of mental and spiritual suffering and the suffering which comes from ignorance of truth. There is a poverty of soul which is far worse than any poverty of this world's goods, and it is to this which, in one way or another, we are called to minister. It is in this sense that we are our brothers' keepers, and the word brother is not limited by our family, our neighbors, the community in which we live, but it comprehends humanity.

Yet we are to remember this—that while everything that lives has a right, through that law of brotherhood, to our loving service, we are never to neglect the duty that lies at our hand, in order to reach what we may deem a larger field. We are never to cease trying to help those to grow spiritually strong who are working at our side in every-day life, in order to reach "the stranger" who has not yet come into "our gates." In the beautiful poem of the Bhagavad Gita, Krishna is made to say: "He who fulfills the duties obligated by nature does not incur sin. A man's own natural duty, even though stained with faults, ought not to be abandoned," meaning that these duties of which I have spoken, those lying close at hand must not be left undone, even though done poorly, in order to reach farther away.

You "are" your brother's keeper.

Every word spoken, every action done, that hinders another human being in his progress upward; every word unspoken, every action left undone that might have strengthened a struggling human being, are so many sins to be atoned for, so many opportunities for character growth lost to ourselves.

It is well to remember this truth at this season of the New Year—to-day, and all days.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOLIDAY AFTERMATH.

Some Pretty Left-Overs That Will Do for the Next Anniversary.

Sofa Pillow.

Make a pillow of ticking three-fourths of a yard square and stuff it with feathers, or if you prefer, buy such a pillow ready made at the store. Cover it at two sides with a deep puff of eatin, in cardinal, dark green or any other desirable color; each puff to cover about one-third the width of the pillow. For the center, paint or embroider a strip of cream-colored satin with a pretty floral design in natural colors. Put this center strip (which should be a little more than

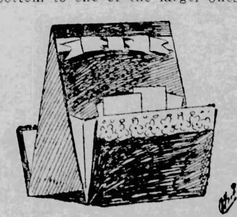
one-fourth yard wide) around the pillow rather tightly, and cover the edges with a heavy silk cord matching the puffing in color and ending in loops and fringed ends at the four corners of the embroidered piece.

Less expensive materials might be used: satine for the puff, and flowered cretonne for the center, would be very pretty.—Alice Gray.

Photograph Case.

Cut four pieces of cardboard 12 inches long by 10 inches wide; cover two of them with cardinal plush and the other two with cream-colored satine and join in pairs of one satine and one plush covered piece. Cut four other pieces each 10 inches long and 6 inches wide; cover and join in the same way.

Join each of the smaller pieces at the bottom to one of the larger ones, fit-



ting a piece of the satine in at each end to give fullness to the pocket thus formed. Join the two larger pieces at the top, and finish the decoration with a band of ribbon contrasting prettily with the plush, passed around each section and fastened in a bow.

The plush covering the pockets may be embroidered or painted in some pretty design if one prefers, or left quite plain.—Elsie Jones.

Catch-All.

You can make this large or small, according to the use to which it is to be put, but a good size for work scrape, etc., is given here.

Cut three pieces of heavy cardboard 6 inches wide by 10 inches long and cover them smoothly with blue flowered satine. Make eyelet holes in the sides of the pieces, and lace them together with blue silk cord or baby ribbon. Cut a three cornered piece of cardboard 6 inches long at each side, cover it with the satine and fit it into the bottom of the box. Take a piece of plain blue satine 12 inches wide and

a little more than 18 inches long; join the strip at the ends, turn down a two-inch hem at the top, shirr it for draw-strings, and sew the lower edge to the top of the box.—Barbara Allen.

BRET HARTE'S NOVEL.

It Affords the Reader a Pleasant Entertainment.

Occasionally in these days of novels with a purpose, and that purpose often not of the highest, one likes to read a book for the story alone, to extract entertainment without bothering to see and apply the moral lesson. For it is true that, such is the human perverseness, we get wofully tired of being taught, no matter how much we may stand in need of the teaching. It was this frame of mind in which I took up Bret Harte's latest novel issued by the Harpers with the not especially suggestive title of Clarence.

In these later years I have not cared over-much for Mr. Harte's work, and I think there are many others who feel, with me, that he has not fulfilled his early promise. Possibly we do him injustice. When he first attracted public attention, his field was comparatively a new one. There was a freshness, a buoyancy in his descriptions that were very fascinating, and his characters, while wonderfully real, belonged to a life of which most of us knew little. This last condition has passed away, for many other writers have entered the field, while he has acquired nothing new or additional to take its place. Personally, I believe if Mr. Harte had never subjected himself to the perils of frequent dinings-out in a foreign country, he might have done much stronger work to-day.

However that may be, Clarence gave me a very pleasant entertainment for an hour or two. Those who have read Susy will recognize some of the characters, though the interest of this story is by no means dependent upon such recognition. It opens in California just at the breaking out of the war, when the news that Fort Sumter was besieged made men look at each other apprehensively, and begin to wonder what would be the end. Clarence found himself divided from his beautiful wife in every way. She sympathized wholly with the South, and without his knowledge plotted, in his home, during his absence, to carry the state out of the union. He was warned of what was going on and returned suddenly to find a gathering there of would-be traitors.

Clarence goes Eastward and enters the army, rising rapidly to high command. During one of his campaigns, when he is quartered in a fine old Southern mansion, there is again a dramatic meeting with his wife, who comes there as a spy.

I will not spoil the story by entering further into details. The incidents of camp and field, when well-told, never pall upon the readers. And we follow Clarence to Washington with an interest born of the respect we have grown to feel for a brave man, and rejoice when a pleasant ending comes to his troubles.

EMIL YS. BOUTON.

"Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might."—Phillips Brooks.

After Christmas joy and pleasure comes the season of repentance for the mistakes we have made during the year so nearly gone, and the time for making good resolutions for the new year. It is true that with many of us, keeping New Year's resolutions is like our attempt at keeping a diary, they last but a few days, or weeks, but even if this be true, we are better for having made them; better for the time we have given to this retrospective glance of our lives and for the impulse that led us to make these resolutions.

This week we will take for our inspiration and help the words at the head of this column, taken from one of Bishop Brooks's always helpful sermons. We of the Cozy Corner realize how great an assistance it is to us if we have our daily work planned for us; if we are working to accomplish some particular object. So with our lives. If we have some especial work in view, some thing upon which we can concentrate our energies and not fritter them away on so many different objects that we do nothing well, we shall be able to live stronger, better lives, both for ourselves, and be better able to help others. All we need in order to do this is to quote again from Bishop Brooks.

"Patience and strength are what we need; an earnest use of what we have now; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be."

This idea of concentrating our powers recalls a remark made recently to the editor by a friend. "I know," said he, "that I waste a great deal of time, and I regret it as much as any one could, but how am I to help it? There are many half-hours during the day when I could read, but I do not know what to read; I can not put my mind on anything when I know that in a little while I must be at work again, so I just hang around the office and do nothing—and then regret that I can not improve my time."

I think the trouble in this instance is caused by the indecision on the part of our friend as to what he wishes to read. In what direction he wishes to improve himself, more than any lack of ability. He spends the few moments of leisure in endeavoring to find something helpful in a general way, and is not quite satisfied with anything. If he would decide upon a single line of study, obtain only books bearing on that subject and have them at hand when he could easily pick them up when he had opportunity, and persist in this method for a month, or six months, as the case might be, he would have no need to "regret" that he does not make the most of the talents the Lord has entrusted to his care.

Sometimes our Christmas gifts are a little late in coming, but are none the less welcome on that account. Frances Howard has one this week from L. W. W., which the editor is certain she will appreciate.

I must come into the Cozy Corner a few moments and tell Frances Howard of the good her Christmas letter did me. As I sat down to read what the sisters of the Corner had to say, "discontent sat heavy at my heart," but as I read the good, wholesome words of her letter, my heart's unwelcome guest departed, and the narrow environments of vexatious cares opened wide broad windows, and the free, pure air of her ten-mile stretch of country, in which home, friends, church, all unite, came in like a revivifying breath. Well, Frances Howard, if we only had more like you, capable of gathering together and filling up the measure of each with completeness! Your creed must be "Love thy neighbor as thyself," alike for rich and poor. Then again, your letter vividly recalled to mind many a Christmas in my own childhood home. The woods, where flourished the myrtle, the tall sweet-gum festooned in mistletoe, and the pines; the dear old home, with the wide fireplace, bright with cheerful wood-fires (the roses yet were blooming outside in the flower garden) and the happy faces of black and white, and all the merry making, and lastly the Christmas tree in the village church.

Now, if we have anything good to say of another, let us say it speedily, not wait till the "angel men call Death" has slipped from their shoulders, the trammels of life. So I give out my humble meed of appreciation of you Frances Howard now, and sincerely trust you realized all your unselfish expectations. I am sure I voice Miss Bouton's sentiments when I assume the liberty of saying, Come again and often.

A New Subscriber congratulates Hazel Dell on the quantity of good advice she has received from the sisters of the Cozy Corner. This friend also expresses admiration for the story in The Blade, "Bob Burleigh's Farm," giving a most excellent reason for her liking it, viz., because it is more agreeable to read of people who grow better instead of worse. She says she lives near a summer resort and sees plenty that is bad, without reading of it, but admits that even "this is not all bad." Surely, New Subscriber, it is not all bad anywhere, and I think, from your letter, that you are one who will be certain to find the goodness every time.

Laura A. Chupp unm[illegible] that no one should hesitate to sign their own name to their Cozy Corner visits, and the editor agrees with her that the writers may well be proud to acknowledge their share of it, but she supposes some are kept from so doing by a feeling of modesty and a fear of criticism from their friends, for, after all, we care most for what our friends say, whether it be praise or blame.

Dissatisfied has this to say of her experience, and it proves that she is a thoroughly sensible girl, and will, doubtless, be ready to sign some other name to her communications in future.

Although the medicine I received from Aunt Beth was rather bitter I reasoned thus. I have written to the Household for help and if this is what I need I'd better swallow it, and down it went, all but getting a husband. Do not see how I can manage that as I am not very young nor very pretty. Come, Aunt Beth, a little more advice, please.

I believe Miss Bouton promised me that I might some time write of some of the books I have read.

I shall only speak of Ben Hur this time. I must confess it required quite an effort on my part to become interested, but before I finished it it claimed my entire attention. The crucifixion never appeared so real from anything else I ever read, the Bible not excepted. And the healing of the lepers! What a touch that was that could work such a transformation. I never before fully conceived the awful condition of those wretched victims of leprosy until I read of Tirzah and her mother.

The only criticism I offer is that the author does not touch on the resurrection. Why could he not have made it as glorious as the crucifixion was awful? And when I am told that Ben Hur was written before Lew Wallace ever visited Palestine I wonder more and more.

Original wishes that the man who disapproves of bloomers for ladies might be obliged to wear long skirts on a wet day. She thinks he would think differently on the subject after such an experience. Mrs. C. N. E. sends some very kind wishes (for which the editor of the Cozy Corner thanks her), and gives this as her testimony in regard to what she has received:

I have read so many good things in the Household during the last ten years, I dare not begin to chant praises, but the four lines published a few weeks ago closing with the following:

What pangs of distress we endure
From the evils that never arrive,

braced me up more than all the rest.

It would be quite interesting to hear from each reader of the Cozy Corner what seems especially to meet their needs.

Sister Editha sends an excellent article on the pernicious habit of using tobacco and makes an eloquent plea to parents that they endeavor to prevent the boys from forming this habit, both by example and constant watchfulness. We are obliged to omit this article on account of its length and it is too good to cut.

And right here the editor wishes to ask of her friends that they will condense their communications into as small a space as possible so that she may not be obliged to lay them aside for want of space, which she dislikes very much to do.

Mrs. M. Campbell tells us of her home surrounded by woods, where she is spending this winter alone with her three little children. She says:

I never am afraid or lonesome, being naturally of a cheerful disposition; if I am ever inclined to have the blues, or feel discouraged, I can always drive away such feelings by singing one of my favorite hymns. I never worry over anything nor borrow trouble, nor cross bridges before I get to them. I have always had a motto which carries me through many a trial and temptation. It is: "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come." Prov. 31-25. Somehow I always feel as if my rejoicing time will come some time if I am only faithful.

Flora Chase sends these ideas for the consideration of women who wish to earn a little money either as a means of support for their families, or for pin money for themselves:

"I think the best paying business of the day for women is the poultry business, where one has a lot. This is acknowledged by most farmers to yield the greatest income compared to the amount invested of anything on the farm. It however, requires careful study and constant work. I knew one lady who made a handsome sum simply by raising a garden of onions each year. To this could be added the raising of plants for sale in the spring. Pansy plants raised very early would meet with ready sale for what woman does not want a bed of pansies? For women who are unable to engage in the healthy occupation named, and who wish to work at home and in the house, I would suggest the crocheting of woolen goods, such as fascinators and mittens and hoods, sacks, skirts and shoes for babies. The hand-made article is generally preferred to the manufactured, and crocheting is easily learned, even by those who have never done such work. Make arrangements with some merchant to display samples of your work, with prices, until you establish a trade.

I have so wondered if "Hope Daring" is a true or assumed name. It is such a beautiful and suggestive one. I for one think our corner would be much more interesting if each member would give her true name and the state in which she lives.

In answer to the inquiry as to which are the best novels for a person to read, Laura Golden sends a most excellent selection. There will be, of course, a difference of opinion on this subject, but the list is very good:

Historical, The Cloister and the Hearth; dramatic The Count of Monte Cristo; domestic, John Halifax, Gentleman; marine, Two Years Before the Mast; military, Boots and Saddles; country life, Adam Bede; religious, Ben Hur; political, Lothair; imaginative, The Witch's Head; sensational, The Woman in White; pathetic, Romola; humorous, Pickwick Papers; Irish, Handy Andy; English, Vanity Fair; Scotch, The Heart of Midlothian; American, The Scarlet Letter; novel for a purpose, Uncle Tom's Cabin. May I add the best novel by an American woman? Anne.

You asked for the best novels, and not the best books. Do you consider fiction the representative kind of literature? I know that it appeals to the the greatest number of readers, and presents a great range of characteristics, but is it superior to the drama? I was compelled to leave out several novels that I think are as good as the best, as the classification was too limited to include them.

Are we to have the course of reading? I should like to take it if it is not too expensive.—Laura Golden.

With this practical suggestion from Ruth Evans we will close the doors of the Cozy Corner correspondence for this week. By the way, Ruth, by the paper on which this article was written and various other "ear marks," we should think you had very precious indeed to the Chaperone's way of thinking.

All communications for this department should be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, O., "M. G. R."

Hereafter "Woman's Suffrage, Bloomers, Dancing, Card-playing, and Novel Reading," are tabooed subjects in this Circle. They have been argued "pro and con" until as a correspondent says "they are worn threadbare," so Miss Prudence has decided to bar them out, hoping for fresh subjects to take their time-honored places.

Deplank, Va., cannot see how equal suffrage will be of any consolation or make life any easier for the fair sex.

Black Eyes, Ill., doesn't believe in dancing and agrees with Bitter Sweet concerning bloomers.

Mountain Ranger, W. Va., supposes some women would feel "cheap" walking up to the polls, but would like to see them have the right to vote. He thinks also that a Sabbath school is a great benefit to a community.

Millet, Col., says he has seen women vote and even act as poll clerks and nobody seemed to think it unnatural, or to respect the women the less for it. "As for intelligence, well, we voted for free trade in '92 and got prosperity —in England. After that break, we had better not boast of our common sense; women can't do worse!"

Julia, R. I., whom Miss Prudence remembers as being at the Reception, writes that she loves reading and dancing and enjoys New England's Girls letters very much.

Dusey, Ill., agrees with Capt. Nemo concerning the old questions and would like some new ones; thinks he might entertain Peggy Short for quite a while telling her of the manners and customs in Turkey and India, and promises not to interfere if the women go visiting on election day. He says that Doctor's letters are all right, and that Smith "got right down to the point" when he wrote.

Prairie Flower, Mont., is not for woman's rights so far as voting goes, but believes women are fully as intelligent as men. She does not approve of the Salvation Army, and thinks they should not be allowed to play in the streets, since, though they may convert many to Christianity, she does not believe their converts will worship the Lord in true form.

Bud, W. Va.:—"Thanks to Brown Eyes, O., it is pleasant and encouraging to know that some one agrees with you. As Miss Prudence wishes to teach us the art of being brief in our writing, I think we should try to improve along this line, and if she accomplishes nothing more than this, she will have come into work that is of vast importance. The same rule holds good in conversation, and if we learn to be brief and pointed in our writing, we shall be so in our conversation."

Raven of Wood's Edge, Ind.:—"Slowly but surely, out of bondage, out of seclusions and restraint which is akin to slavery, with triumphant stride, but with tender touch of hand and voice, we perceive the progress of the vast army, women. Man having reached the zenith of his ambition sits sullenly and inly jealous eye looking thereon, and inly considering the probable downfall of his dignity.

Looking across this sea of spinsters and mothers, I see, in the singular sense, an ideal woman to whom modern presses have prefixed the epithet 'new.' She represents a new world which she would speedily idealize. Above her floats the pennant bearing her motto: 'Equality of the sexes' in her left hand she carries a globe which represents power, and points to it with the forefinger of her right.

She passes on and is suddenly confronted by the appearance of a large structure over the entrance door of which is written: 'Happy Home.' She perceives around her an immense flock of bright-eyed urchins, who pluck at her garments as she approaches. At the doorway she is met by an aged and white-haired lady who assures her she can not pass the doorway with the globe in her hands, and, upon being questioned, says:

"'To reach the land beyond, there is no route other than this doorway for females; here we foster the mighty masters and rulers, and make of them just what we choose them to be.'

"Whereupon she turns to retrace her steps when the globe suddenly falls and shatters on the pavement.

"'Now,' continues the aged lady, 'go back to thy countrywomen and bid them cease in their wild pursuit for power and leadership; that God decreeing them their sex stamped them rulers in the beginning. Go back and bid them enter places like unto this, and therein foster the great principles they would teach.'

"At this she bows and closes the door, the urchins flee precipitately and the 'new woman' turns and passes the postern saddened and confused, leaving her former burden where it fell, but determined to herald to her sex the tidings she had heard at the door of the great house."

Boadicea, O. T., suggests as new subjects for discussion the Venezuela question, the character and works of our favorite authors and the possibility of a reformation in China, Japan and other heathen countries. She thinks the exploration of the Polar region is not practicable, and is attempted more for the sake of notoriety than anything else.

Wilford, Mo., congratulates Mabel Hall upon overcoming her habit of biting her nails; says there is more truth than poetry in E. E. K's. last letter; does not agree with Elfa that intuition ranks higher than reason, but admits that he is right in saying that the standard of morality for women is higher than that for men, asking at the same time if this should be so. He describes Shamrock that the New Woman would be as much out of place in her home doing good as a great rustic fellow like himself would be in a milliner's shop; and informs Sweet Nightingale that, were the boys to disturb the peace generally by wearing unsuitable garments, they would probably deify the persons who had been able to keep cool heads, and who would condescend to bring them back to their normal condition.

W. E. A., Iowa:—"I believe there are a few cases where marriage is a failure, but there are thousands of happy homes to-day that prove this is not always the case. I believe that the majority of single women over thirty years of age will admit that they would be happier in a home with the love and protection of a good man, and with children to fill the house with laughter and noise, than they are in their present conditions, be they ever so pleasant. To be sure, things go wrong sometimes, and the work is never done, yet we are never happier than when working for those we love, and I believe in filling the positions of wife and mother, woman finds her true sphere, and is occupying the place for which God created her. Lady Nell is probably young, and will change her mind when her ideal comes, and it is well, too, to be careful in forming that ideal. Dont' make him perfect, for then you will never find him; don't expect him to be 'only a little lower than the angels' unless you are an angel yourself; but do expect him to be good and honest and true. I think one fault with all of us is that we expect our friends to be so much better than we are, and demand of them more than we are willing or able to give."

Raven of Wood's Edge, Ind.:—"According to the matrimonial decree of New England Girl, it is extremely fortunate for the poor that all people do not see as she sees. Against the solemn murmurs of Christian prayers, against the decree of God, there are people in this Christian era who still lift up their unappeasable hands for gold, gold—a dazzling chaff that has wrecked a million lives.

"So much as humanity has failed, so much as past ages have erred, after two thousand years of Christianizing and standing in the van of time and human achievements, lifting slightly the veil behind which we say is an ideal people, and ideal nation, following, worshipping the lowly Christ, shall we, honoring Him, lift up our sin-stained hands against the signet of poverty? Shall we pass the bowls of the honest poor and leave no kindling wood upon the hearth of the inmates' hearts? Shall we clasp to the iron door of our hearts against the genial companionship and warmth of a friend because he is poor?

"Christian souls answer no. Beacon lights of Christianity on the promontories of time proclaim God is yet; the light of Bethlehem's star encircleth the globe; to-day the man of fame and wealth steps down and clasps the horny hand of the poor toiler; to-day the young man of wealth stoops to capture the heart of the peasant lass; to-day the rich and poor can dine together and be merry.

"The other day a man was toiling in the field; to-day he represents my district in Congress. Intelligence asks no boon of wealth. Away with your relic of barbarie times; away with the boasted glory and pomp of your aristocracy! Though weak-voiced pagans rise, the world moves."

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Now We Can Think Upon Dainty Dinners Past and Gone.

This week we give a part of the prize menus, the one sent by Mrs. D. D. Bainford.

MEALS FOR ONE WEEK.

Sunday.

BREAKFAST.
Rolled Oats. Maple Syrup.
Fried Potatoes. Toast.
Coffee.
DINNER.
Stewed Chicken.
Baked Potatoes. Cabbage Salad.
Biscuit. Pickles. Cheese.
Mock Mince Pie. Cake.
Tea.
SUPPER.
Mush and Milk.
Bread and Butter. Cheese.
Cake.
Tea.

Monday.

BREAKFAST.
Buckwheat Cakes.
Sausage. Fried Cakes.
Coffee.
DINNER.
Chicken from Sunday, heated.
Biscuits. Potatoes.
Baked Apples. Ginger Cookies.
Cottage Pudding, Lemon Sauce.
Tea.
SUPPER.
Raised Biscuit.
Fried Potatoes. Dried Beef.
Cottage Cheese.
Cake. Apple Sauce.
Tea.

Tuesday.

BREAKFAST.
Buckwheat Cakes.
Raw Potatoes, Fried.
Fried Pork. Cookies.
Coffee.
DINNER.
Boiled Pork, with Potatoes, Cabbage and Turnips.
Chili Sauce. Pickles.
Brown Bread. White Bread.
Pumpkin Pie.
Tea.
SUPPER.
Hash.
Bread and Butter.
Cake. Cookies. Sweet Pickles.
Canned Fruit.
Tea.

(To be continued.)

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Find Time to Meet Even During Their New Year's Day Festivities.

Of the six applicants for admission to the Circle this week the following were successful: Deplank, Black Eyes, Millet, Mountain Ranger and Julia.

Lady Evelyn had to be sent home for her full address, and when she comes back will be gladly welcomed.

The old members who came to wish Miss Prudence a Happy New Year were Raven, W. E. A., Boadicea, Wilford, W. Va. Grey Eyes, Forsaken, Dusey, W. Virginian, Em. T. Head, Prairie Flower and Coralyn.

The West Virginia report was received this week with a note from the president telling of the sudden illness of her sister, known to the M. G. R.'s as Blue Bell. Miss Prudence sends her sincere hope that she will soon be well again.

Invalid writes that she is to enter the hospital for treatment during this holiday time. The Chaperone feels sure that she is right in sending the Circle's best wishes with her own for Invalid's recovery, for she knows every one of her boys and girls will join her in this kindly message.

Raven:—Miss Prudence thanks you for your good wishes.

Coralyn:—The present you sent was

MY LITTLE GIRL.

My little girl is nested
Within her mother's breast,
With amber ringlets crested
Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
Half hinned in the snow.

A weary little mortal
Has gone to slumberland;
The Pixies at the portal
Have caught her by the hand;
She dreams her broken dolly
Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
Upon the rocking chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
My drowsy little queen;
I know you have caresses
From floating forms unseen;
O, angels, let me keep her,
To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper
Who has my love and prayers.
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Times-Democrat.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

The Flag Quilt That Was Never Pieced Though It Was Begun.

One, two, three, well, we won't count the tears that fell from Dorothy Warne's long-lashed blue eyes on those red, white and blue quilt pieces!

Each color strung neatly on a separate thread; like so many soldiers stood in a row in Aunt Jane's brown work box.

Aunt Jane, with gold glasses in hand was saying:

"One half hour every day directly after dinner; after that all the reading and play you want."

She emphasized reading in a way Dorry fully understood. Dorry was fond of music, books, flowers, anything it seemed but the tediousness of Aunt Jane's everlasting patchwork. Sylvia Harwood, her across the street neighbor, didn't have to piece quilts, nor work button holes in all kinds of cloth, but then Sylvia had a mother, and Dorry's beautiful and gentle

mother had long since gone to a better country. "Aunt Jane just knows everything, and she expects me to know as much as she does before I'm twelve."

Dorry was talking to Uncle Joe Picket who had long been her father's gardener. Uncle Joe always listened with an air of sympathy calling Dorry "little gurrel," "Bonny Meg," and other pet names which had been his favorite way of talking to his own little girl who now had children of her own.

"Mis' Jean," as he called Aunt Jane, was "a crossun," but he didn't say so to Dorry.

Leaning on his spade he patted her brown head with "Dorry must be like mither, gintle and guid."

Uncle Joe had known Dorry's mother and he felt sure that Aunt Jane's stern rule was not just what the little girl needed.

"Any pie, Dorry?" He always asked for a piece of apple pie when he worked for Mr. Warne. "Pie" meant a nice lunch on the bench under the early harvest apple tree, a drink of fresh buttermilk perhaps thrown in. Miss Jane was kind to the old man who had worked for them for years, and who had no one to cook for him. Her "crossness" did not affect her cooking in Uncle Joe's estimation.

He was through digging up the dead pear tree in the side yard. Only the dirt to fill in as Mr. Warne thought he would not plant another tree there.

Dorry looked at the hole in the earth where the tree had been. Suddenly a thought struck her.

"You go afound to the bench, Uncle Joe and rest. I'll get the pie immediately.

"Aunt Jane," she cried, running into the kitchen, "Uncle Joe's about starved; he wants pie and buttermilk and a lot of good things. Some jelly and fresh bread and butter, too."

Dorry passed on into the sitting room, trying not to act in a hurry. She had called her long-sleeved, blue gingham apron "ugly" that very morning. Now it had a value. Underneath it she slipped the work-box and the flag quilt pieces.

Out into the April sunshine she went with her head hung down a little. Aunt Jane had gone down the cellar, Dorry had heard her descending. Dorry hesitated—even trembled a little when her aunt's work-box went into the hole where the tree had been. Then, with a great and hasty effort she put in enough soil to more than cover it. When she reappeared in the kitchen her face was hot and flushed, and poor little Dorry felt far from happy. Aunt Jane was just placing the tray on the table. The trouble of serving the old man had been more than compensated in the compliments he had bestowed on her bread and pie.

Well Dorry knew that no one could see her from that left side of the house while she buried the patchwork box and all! As she followed Uncle Joe back to his work she wondered if he would notice anything. He did, and muttered something about "Jem Gray" having meddled while he was gone. Dorry felt the blood rise in her face; she was on the point of confession when Jim appeared at the door.

"I've caught a red bird for Miss Dorry," she heard him say to her aunt. "Here it is in my old cage which she can have just as well as not."

Dorry ran after Jim and thanked him; then she said to Uncle Joe: "I shoveled that dirt in," while the old man stood wondering. Dorry went into dinner.

"A queer gurrul that," he muttered lighting his pipe.

Dorry left her pudding untasted that day. "I spose my appetite's down in that old brown box," she said to herself. She was upstairs now looking out of the window of her own pretty little room.

The green meadows and the beautiful river that ran near her home did not look pretty to her wistful, tear-dimmed eyes. Soon Aunt Jane called from the the foot of the stairs, "time for your quilt piecing now." Dorry dried her eyes hastily, but she could not stifle the queer choking in her throat when she went to the kitchen a few moments later to say, "The box is not there, Aunt Jane—"

"Not there!" echoed her aunt.

"It was right on the mantel when I dusted this morning. It's somewhere; look all around—wait, I'll look myself."

After a thorough search, Aunt Jane thought a moment, but bit her lips and said nothing. Cutting some buttonholes she bade Dorry sit down and work them. Never had her niece worked so patiently and faithfully. Aunt Jane was quite encouraged. As a reward she allowed Dorry, very unhappy Dorry to go on a week's visit the very next day to Grandma Dale. Not a word more from Aunt Jane about the missing box! How Dorry wished that she could even be scolded about it! Of course her aunt was keeping quiet with some purpose in view—Aunt Jane meant to solve the mystery!

All the while Aunt Jane was saying to herself, "That Jim Gray is a bad boy, a very bad boy, but I'll catch him yet!"

Jim, unconscious of any wrong-doing, went whistling down the street, while Aunt Jane almost shook her fist at his retreating footsteps.

Mr. Warne, who had accompanied Dorry, returned home at the end of two days, leaving her for a longer stay. On his way back he stopped at a nursery and purchased some new trees.

"This Bartlet pear is very thrifty. I guess you may dig out the dirt where the old one was," he remarked to Uncle Joe the next morning after his return. Mr. Warne stood by watching the old man throw out the dirt. "Man alive, I've struck something!" Then he lifted out Aunt Jane's brown work box!

Mr. Warne looked at it for a moment, thinking deeply. "Poor little Dorry! She shall read instead of piece quilts; it's all foolishness anyway!"

That night Dorry's father and Aunt Jane had a long talk; the result was that Dorry learned to sew, but not on patchwork.

Dorry on her way home the next Tuesday resolved to confess the whole thing. When her father and her aunt met her at the station he kissed her warmly saying:

"You can't bury the Red, White and Blue, Dorothy; it's bound to wave!"

Then with many tears Dorry told her little story.

"Just to think," cried her aunt. "I came near missing that. Jim Gray right out and out of slipping into the sitting room the day he brought birds, as if a boy would want quilt pieces."

For many a long day Dorry feared the mention of the "Flag Quilt subject," but some way it had dropped out of hearing forever.

E. S. L. THOMPSON.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was an American statesman of English origin; son of a major general in the United States army, and descended on his mother's side from a Dutch family. He was born in 1760 at Little Britain, N. Y. In 1797 he was elected member of the New York legislature, and in 1804 chosen a senator of the United States. He was elected mayor of New York, retiring from that office because of political disturbances in 1815. Between 1817 and his death, which occurred in 1828, he was repeatedly governor of New York. The formation of the great canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson was mainly owing to his efforts. He was a member of most of the literary and scientific institutions of the United States and of several of those of Great Britain and Europe.

CLEO DAVIS.

2.—DIAMOND.

(To Hazel Thornton.)

X
O X O
O O X O O
X X X X X X X
O O X O O
O X O
X

1.—A consonant.
2.—A kind of small dog.
3.—The powder of aloes with canella.
4.—Victory.
5.—A Grecian citizen.
6.—To request.
7.—A consonant.
Centrals down and across spell what the author wishes for Hazel Thornton.

ESME ROY.

3.—PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

My first is a vowel; my 1, 2 is a country bordering on Moab; my 1, 2, 3, 5 is a descendant of Asher; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 city in the mountains of Judah my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 is the name of Paris when he was a boy; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is an inhabitant of a country southwest of Palestine—Bible references to above: Numbers, 21; 1 Chronicles, 7; Joshua, 19; Genesis, 1; Nehemiah, 2.

C. M. B.

4.—Riddle.

I am seen within the waters,
I am heard upon the harp,
I can go in anywhere,
Because my head is sharp;
I am first in asking pardon,
I am last in giving alms,
I am always in a passion,
I am Alpha, can't you see?

UPSON DOWNES.

5.—QUERY.

Who can tell us something about the Doomsday Book?

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"On life's sea many a reef to shun,
Before in port we drop the anchor,
But when its course is nobly run,
Look aft, for there the work was done,
Life owes its headway to the anchor."

MAMIE.

News of the Week.

IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Gold Mines Are a Temptation Which England Cannot Resist.

Johannesburg, Jan. 2.—England is about to attempt more land grabbing in South Africa. She wants the land because it is rich in gold mines. It is not because she has a right to it, but because, true to her traditions, she wants territory to enrich herself and does not permit her conscience to stand in her way. The Boers will not relinquish their territory without protest. Their country, the Transvaal, is enormously rich in gold and other metals.

The Boers contend that they have every lawful title to the land, while the British protest that they have contributed so much to its prosperity that they should share its political privileges.

It is the general view of foreigners who have settled in that country, and of victims who have written of it, that Great Britain has no tenable claim upon any part of the Transvaal. The Dutch were, unquestionably, the first white men to penetrate to that part of Africa, and when they settled there the land was a bleak, unattractive tract, that gave no promise of the limitless wealth beneath the soil.

What the Boers Claim.

In behalf of the Boers, it is urged that not only the Transvaal, but Cape Colony belongs to them, rather than to the British. The Boers emigrated from Holland in the seventeenth century, and settled in Cape Town, where they engaged in peaceful agricultural pursuits, and remained for more than a hundred years in undisturbed occupation. In the early part of the present century, their first great trouble presented itself, in the shape of a large English immigration. Little by little the Dutchmen were crowded out of

PRESIDENT KRUGER.

Cape Town, and moving to the north, they left the Britons in possession of their former abode.

Beyond the confines of the Transvaal there is no spot left to the Boer to which he may fly on still another "trek," or national migration. He is hemmed in on the north by Matabeleland and Mashonaland, which passed from King Lobengula into the possession of the British East African company. On the east are Zululand and Natal, where the British empire holds suzerainty. To the southeast lies the Orange Free State, separate and independent. To the south is Cape Colony, the great British possession, and on the west is Bechuanaland, where the native Kaffirs acknowledge allegiance to the British crown.

Some English newspapers assert that Great Britain has no desire to molest the Boers, but that the question at issue is the desire of resident Englishmen to secure certain concessions under President Kruger's republic. Such concessions have been granted now and then, but the Boers declare that Englishmen are never contented until they secure a monopoly in all the different classes of industry and commerce.

Output of Gold.

From 1887 until the first of this year 10,110,000 tons of ore have been extracted, yielding 6,544,584 ounces of gold, worth about $17.50 an ounce, and having a gross value of $110,000,000. The dividends paid during the same period amount in round figures to $23,000,000, or 20 per cent of the output. Last year there were milled 2,827,635 tons,

DR. JAMESON.

yielding 2,024,162 ounces of gold, worth $35,000,000. The Chamber of Mines declared for the year amounted to $7,050,000, or 20 per cent of the output.

The value of the output of the fifty producing mines on the 1st of last January was $160,000,000.

The output per year in ounces since gold was discovered in the Transvaal is as follows: 1887, 28,754; 1888, 240,266; 1889, 366,023; 1890, 479,202; 1891, 737,912; 1892, 1,150,519; 1893, 1,381,128; 1894, 1,837,773; 1895, about 2,000,000.

This means that the increase in the world's output is due to the extent of 56 per cent to these mines.

President Kruger, now serving his third term as chief magistrate of the republic, has indomitable force and rare intelligence. His popularity amounts almost to fanatical enthusiasm. Among the Boers he is known as "Oom Paul," and is styled their patron saint, which honor he shares with George Washington, for whom those South African republicans manifest sentiments of reverence. They are as fervent admirers of the United States as they are bitter enemies of England.

THE TRANSVAAL INVASION.

Connected Story of the Raid of Dr. Jamieson.

London, Jan. 7.—Missing dispatches, delayed in transmission from Johannesburg and Cape Town are gradually reaching this city. Some of the last messages filed are arriving before the earliest dispatches placed in the hands of the telegraph and cable operators at the different points mentioned. They are dated from January 1 onward, and being collected, the following synopsis of the invasion of the Transvaal by the forces of the British Chartered Company has been compiled:

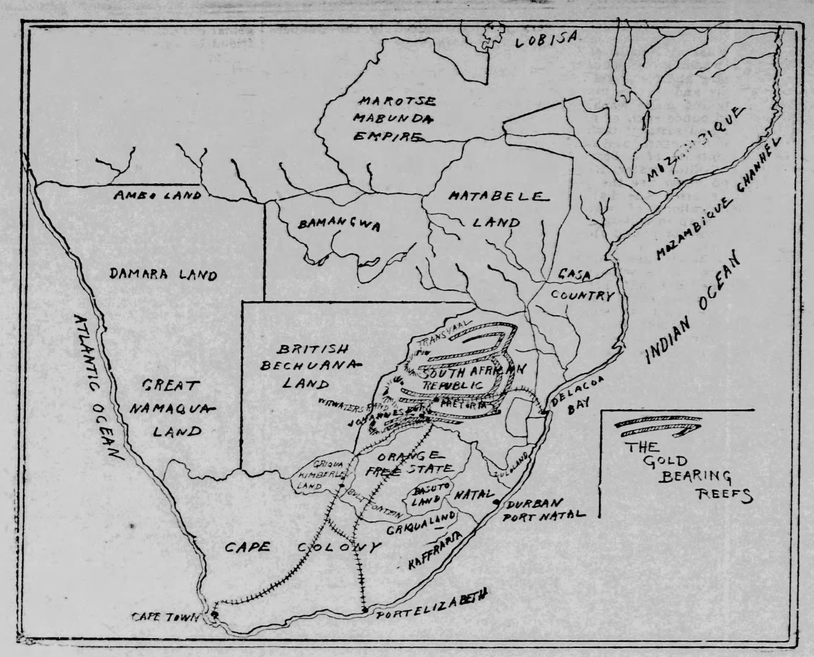
Cause of the Trouble.

For a long time past the Uitlanders, or foreign residents of the Transvaal, have been complaining of the treatment they have been subjected to by the Boers. The Uitlanders, though far outnumbering the Boers, have been compelled to contribute practically all the revenue of the republic, and yet have no representation or voice in its government. That is their side of the question.

On the other hand, the Boers claim that the very fact that the Uitlanders, mainly Englishmen, so far outnumber them is the main argument against giving them full representation, for then they would soon outvote the Boers and make the republic nothing more or less than a British colony.

On this ground the ill feeling grew until intimations were made to Dr. Jameson, administrator of the territory of the British Chartered company, that the British in the Transvaal were ripe for revolt, and that if he would take the initiative the Uitlanders would rise and support him.

Dr. Jameson then began preparations for a raid upon Johannesburg, mustering about 700 men and plenty of ammunition, but little food, on the Transvaal border. When the right moment arrived a letter was sent to him to go to the assistance of his compatriots who were in danger at the



THE DISPUTED TERRITORY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

hands of the aroused Boers, then riding about the streets and country in a most threatening manner.

On Monday, December 30, Dr. Jameson's force crossed the Transvaal border, without the knowledge, however, it would seem, of the Uitlanders of Johannesburg. He cut the telegraph wires behind him, to prevent being ordered back by the British government, it is claimed, and pushed on for Krugersdorp, where he expected to meet reinforcements of 2,000 Uitlanders.

On th following day, December 31, there was intense excitement at Johannesburg, people hurrying into the town from the mines and suburbs.

Uitlander Provisional Government.

The central committee of Uitlander citizens constituted themselves a provisional government for the town, and announced that ample provision would be made to defend it against any body of Boers. The provisional government established itself in the consolidated gold fields building, and three Maxim rapid-fire guns were placed by the citizens in advantageous positions about it.

The so-called "new government" then sent an ultimatum to the government of President Kruger at Pretoria. The latter proposed a conference at

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON,
Governor of Cape Colony.

Pretoria on the following day, Wednesday; but the committee appointed by the new government hesitated to go to Pretoria without a safe conduct.

By this time the news that Dr. Jameson had crossed the border was in Johannesburg, and his arrival at that place was expected hourly. Crowds of people surrounded the Consolidated Goldfields building, and the gathering of recruits for the Uitlanders' forces was carried on with vigor, but too late, as subsequent events showed.

In the meantime, the Boers had not been idle. They seem to have been fully aware of Dr. Jameson's proposed raid, and met the movement by gathering together a force of about 5,000 well armed, well mounted, excellently trained former huntsmen, whose rifles always speak in deadly earnest.

This caused a feeling of alarm among the Uitlanders, numbers of whom left the town during the night in bands of 70 each, and the hope of raising a force to assist Dr. Jameson.

Appeal to the Governor.

Later the committee of the provisional government sent the following communication to Sir Hercules Robinson, the governor of Cape Colony:

"We have information that a large body of Boers has been commanded to immediately attack Johannesburg and shoot on sight all who have been concerned in the agitation. Affairs are so critical that we ask you to intervene to protect the lives of citizens who have long agitated legally their rights."

This caused a hurried exchange of cable messages with the home government, and everything possible was done to call Dr. Jameson back, but in vain.

Eventually, however, the committee of the provisional government of Johannesburg went to Pretoria and had an interview with President Kruger on Wednesday evening. The president, after listening to the com-

CECIL J. RODES.
Cape Colony's retiring premier.

plaints made, promised to redress their grievances, gave the Uitlanders representation in the government of the Tranevaal, concluded a three day's armistice with the insurgents, and thus removed any further real cause for raising men to support Dr. Jameson.

In the meanwhile the provisional government retained control of Johannesburg. The Germans and Americans had, during this time, joined the national union, represented by the provisional government, and their example was followed by the Afrikanders in general, by the Australians and by the Mercantile association.

Hard Terms Imposed.

But while President Kruger agreed to grant the main demands of the committee of the provisional government of the national union, he imposed terms upon them which aroused the indignation of the people of Johannesburg when the delegation returned and reported the result of its mission. In fact, it is claimed that the only thing which prevented a further uprising then was the issuing of an imperial proclamation forbidding all British subjects to in any way assist Dr. Jameson.

General Jubert, while guaranteeing the safety of Johannesburg, if the town kept quiet, intimated that he would adopt the most severe measures if any further demonstration against the Transvaal government occurred.

A meeting of the Americans of the Rand was held and they telegraphed President Kruger that while they were greatly in sympathy with him, they could not help him unless he granted the reforms demanded by the Uitlanders.

The Rand Germans also held a meeting and sent a deputation to assure President Kruger of their sympathy and loyalty, although they supported the demand of the reform in the administration of the Transvaal. They also cabled to Emperor William, asking him to bring pressure to bear upon Great Britain in order to prevent her from interfering actively in the affairs of the Transvaal.

The Coming of Jameson.

In spite of the pacific attitude of President Kruger towards the Uitlanders, the news that Dr. Jameson was fighting his way towards Johannesburg raised such a storm of indignation against the luke-warmness of the provisional government of the national union that a second representation was sent to President Kruger demanding that Dr. Jameson's column be allowed to enter and leave Johannesburg unmolested, and also that the government of the Transvaal agree to pay a war indemnity for the expenses incurred in the demonstration against the regime of President Kruger. Naturally, this cool request received no attention from the Transvaal government, and the work of suppressing the insurrection was actively continued.

When Dr. Jameson's forces were first sighted in the Transvaal territory, they were met by a message from Commander Marco, who requested them to withdraw. Dr. Jameson replied that he intended proceeding with his original plans, which were not hostile to the people of the Transvaal, adding:

"We are here in reply to the invitation of the principal residents of the Rand to assist them in their demand for justice and the ordinary rights of every citizen of a civilized state."

Uprising of the Uitlanders.

The following dispatch has been received here from Johannesburg, dated January 2, at midnight:

"The central committee of the National Union is bitterly indignant at the terms which President Kruger has imposed, and they declare that the position the Uitlanders are placed in is solely due to the imperial proclamation forbidding the British subjects to aid Dr. Jameson. The populace condemns the commission. General Joubert guarantees the safety of Johannesburg during the armistice.

"A dispatch from Krugersdorff last night reports that the survivors of Dr. Jameson's force are in a terrible condition, having no food nor sleep since December 29.

"The defense committee in Johannesburg is serving out arms.

"A provisional government has been declared with a force of 10,000 men.

"Thousands of Boers are outside of the town. Offers of help from all parts of Cape Colony have been received by the defense committee, and men are enrolling rapidly. The Transvaal flag has been hoisted over the committee rooms to indicate that it does not intend to destroy the republic. The people are arming, and little anxiety is felt for Dr. Jameson."

The Very Latest Dispatch.

A dispatch to the Times, dated Cape Town, January 6, says:

"President Kruger has stopped food supplies into Johannesburg. The whole national reform commission has been arrested. Nobody is allowed to enter the Transvaal territory without a passport signed by President Kruger."

Fighting between the Boers and the invaders commenced soon afterwards near Krugersdorp, where the Boers occupied a strong position. The British force was commanded by Sir John Willoughby, assisted by Major Goold Adams, of Matabele war fame. In addition to the strong position they occupied, the Boers outnumbered Jameson's command by at least six to one. But, although the latter were exhausted by their long night and day march without food, having expected to be met by the Uitlanders in force with all the supplies necessary, they only suffered a slight reverse, losing nine killed. The Boers, however, also captured twelve prisoners.

Jameson then moved southward, with the view of outflanking the Boers, but the latter massed in great numbers near Vlakfontein. After moving southwards on Wednesday, Jameson's party had to fight hard all night, so that when they reached Vlakfontein, which is about six miles from Johannesburg, on Thursday morning, they were utterly exhausted; their supply of cartridges was about gone and nearly all of them were on the verge of starvation. In spite of this they fought stubbornly until noon against the force of about 4,800 Boers surrounding them, and then, their ammunition having given out, they were compelled to surrender.

The white flag, however, was not hoisted by Dr. Jameson's orders. According to the best estimates about 150 of Dr. Jameson's followers were killed and about fifty were wounded. The prisoners captured by the Boers numbered about 500. They were taken to Pretoria.

WHO DR. JAMESON IS.

Son of a Journalist and Himself a Skillful Surgeon.

Dr. Jameson, the leader of the party of British South African company sympathizers now engaged apparently in an invasion of the Transvaal, is the administrator for the British South Africa company's territory in Mashanoland and Matabeland. He is the son of a Scotch journalist and was educated for the medical profession, but decided to go to South Africa in the early 70's and soon acquired a high reputation and a remunerative practice in the treatment of the typhoid-malaria disease known as camp fever, which is very prevalent in the South African fields.

As administrator for the land owned by the British South Africa company, Dr. Jameson has considerable executive ability and has proved that he is not lacking in the kind of strategic skill which has made more than one British chartered company acquire vast expanses of territory at little expense, although in some instances with considerable bloodshed and duplicity.

Efforts to Prevent Bloodshed.

London, Jan. 2.—The news from Pretoria, Transvaal Republic, to-day tends to confirm the gravity of the situation there, growing out of the invasion of the Boer territory by an armed force of the British South African company, numbering about 700 men with six maxim guns, led by Dr. Jamison, the British commissioner, who was so successful in his operations against King Lobengula. The Transvaal president, Kruger, has called upon the Burghers to defend their country, and a serious conflict is anticipated in spite of the fact that the colonial secretary, the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, has telegraphed to Dr. Jamison to withdraw into British territory, and has urged President Kruger to do his utmost to prevent bloodshed.

GERMANY SIDES WITH KRUGER.

Emperor Sends Him a Personal Telegram of Congratulation.

Berlin, Jan. 3.—Emperor William has telegraphed to President Kruger as follows:

"I express my sincere congratulations that, with your own people, and without appealing to the help of the friendly powers, you have succeeded by your own energetic action against the armed bands which invaded your country as disturbers of the peace, and have thus been enabled to restore peace and safeguard the independence of your country against attacks from the outside.

(Signed) "WILLIAM."

Fifty of the leading citizens of Amsterdam have telegraphed to President Kruger congratulating him upon the victory of their kinsmen.

The Handelsblad argues that Great Britain is responsible for Dr. Jameson's action, and says it is a worse case than that of the Alabama.

WADED INTO ENGLAND.

French Newspapers Severely Criticise the Jameson Incident.

Paris, Jan. 3.—Not one of the newspapers of this city minces words in commenting upon the invasion of the Transvaal territory by the filibustering expedition under Dr. Jameson. In spite of the statements made by the British colonial secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and the assertions of the governor of Cape Colony, the premier of Cape Colony and the managing director of the British South African company, the Figaro insists that Dr. Jameson did not go without having received orders to do so from Cecil Rhodes, the premier of Cape Colony, who, in turn, according to the newspaper mentioned, was in communication with England. The Figaro adds: "The English simply wish to do with the mines of South Africa as a pickpocket does with one's purse, and with the help of a well organized hustle."

The Raphel remarks: "Germany, France and Russia are in accord. What will England do? Will she deal with the United States already on her hands, to defy Europe with her insatiable rapacity and untenable claims, and end by arousing a formidable coalition to which she will be compelled to humiliate herself?"

FURIOUS AT GERMANY.

Want to Expel Emperor William From London Clubs.

London, Jan. 7.—The feeling here against Emperor William and Germany on account of the former's dispatch of congratulation to President Kruger, apparently ignoring British suzerainty over the Transvaal republic, continues among all classes of people, and the war sentiment against Germany rises as the time passes.

Lady Warwick has written a letter to the Times on the subject. It is understood that the arsenals and dock yards are being overhauled.

Emperor William is a member of several exclusive English clubs, including the Royal Yacht Squadron, and in some of them the demand for his expulsion is already very loud.

Letters have also been published in the newspapers demanding that he resign his colonelcy in the Royal Dragoons.

SURROUNDING HAVANA.

Insurgents Completely Victorious in Their First Move.

New York, Jan. 7.—A special to the Journal from Havana says: The insurgent armies are within sight of Havana, and the firing of muskets and cannon is plainly heard in the eastern suburbs. The trains that can be gotten into the city on the few railroads that have not been destroyed by the patriots are loaded with refugees from the surrounding cities and villages. Hundreds of field hands also have arrived in Havana with their families. Some of these men say that they could see the insurgents blow up a railroad bridge immediately after the train had crossed within a few miles of the city.

Hundreds of families in the suburbs and in the city have abandoned their homes and are crowding the quay, watching with blanched and eager faces for steamers to take them from the island. All sorts of craft is being utilized by the refugees, who offer their last peseta, so long as the owner is willing to keep them from shore.

WILL NOT ATTACK HAVANA.

Gen. Gomez Simply Intends to Make a Demonstration.

New York, Jan. 7.—The Journal this morning says: "Mails from Cuba just received contain an interview with Gen. Gomez, in which he said it was not his intention to capture Havana, because this would necessitate the sacrifice of too many human lives among which would be several members of the families of the revolutionists. He intends to go as near Havana as was necessary to make a demonstration and convince the world that the insurgents were complete masters of the island, and thus claim recognition by the powers.

GREAT STRAIN ON CAMPOS.

He Tells Why the Cubans Have Advanced Successfully.

New York, Jan. 7.—A special to the World from Havana says: "Gen. Campos received your correspondent to-day in his private office, although he was busily engaged surrounded by his numerous staff. The general said in response to an interrogation that the principal reason why Gomez has been able to continue his raid successfully was that the country people gave no information whatever to the Spanish generals. The Cuban peasants sympathize with the insurgents and the Spaniards in the interior are afraid to give information of rebel movements. Another reason was that the insurgents never show fight.

"They avoid contact with my troops," Gen. Campos declared, "unless sometimes their rear guard was reached. Being perfectly familiar with the country, and used to constant service on horseback and on foot, they have been enabled to maintain a wide gap between the soldiers and themselves." The general appears to be in good health, but he shows signs of the tremendous amount of work he is doing.

THE MANITOBA QUESTION.

Canadian Parliament Must Decide on Schools.

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 2.—What promises to be the most important session of the Canadian parliament since 1867, when the provinces were confederated, opened to-day. On the question of schools in Manitoba, the government is so seriously divided as to jeopardize its stability. In 1890 the legislature of Manitoba passed a bill abolishing separate schools for Catholic children. The hierarchy of the province appealed against the bill to the imperial privy council, the highest court in the British empire. The privy council decided that the legislature of Manitoba was acting within its rights in passing the bill for the abolishment of separate schools, but last winter another appeal was taken on the ground that certain rights held by the province at the time of its entering the dominion confederation had been violated. This appeal resulted in the imperial privy council leaving discretionary power with the dominion parliament to aid the Manitoba Catholics. It is on this question that the fate of the present conservative government hinges. Ontario members who represent protestant constituencies and of whom there are ninety-two, cannot vote for the re-establishment of separate schools and be re-elected. In the last bye-elections the opposition candidates have been returned, and as indications show, the government will be defeated in the house in the coming session if they carry out their promise to bring in a bill that will supersede Manitoba legislature's act, and that will re-establish Roman Catholic schools. The population of Manitoba is 200,000, of whom only 20,000 are Roman Catholics.

TURKS WILL CEASE KILLING

Long Enough to Allow Insurgents to Surrender.

Constantinople, Jan. 3.—The Turkish government has ordered the commander of the Turkish forces surrounding Zeitoun to suspend hostilities pending the negotiations which the representatives of the powers have entered into in order to bring about the surrender of the Zeitounlis.

The ambassadors have given their respective consuls at Aleppo full liberty of action in regard to the steps which they may think necessary to prevail upon the insurgents to surrender.

CAN DISTRIBUTE RELIEF.

Permission Granted by Turkish Authorities to Dr. Barnum.

Constantinople, Jan. 2.—At the request of Sir Philip Currie, the British ambassador, instructions have been sent by the Turkish government to the Vali of Kharput, to permit Dr. Hermann M. Barnum, the American missionary, to distribute to the destitute Armenians the relief funds subscribed for them in England.

ITS WORK WELL DONE.

Chengtu Commission Has Accomplished Many Things.

New York, Jan. 3.—A dispatch to the World from Chungking, China, says: The Chengtu commission, it is generally admitted, has achieved a complete success. The results have met with the aproval of the Chengtu missionaries who are now recognized by the Chinese officials from the viceroy down. The missionaries were publicly banqueted with the commissioners. Everything possible is now being done to obliterate remembrances of the late viceroy's misdeeds. The claim of the Methodists have been settled. The commission will start on its homeward journey next Wednesday, returning to Tientsin, by way of the Yangtse river.

TROUBLE IN VENEZUELA.

English Capitalists Try to Cause a Revolution.

New York, Jan. 4.—A special to the World from Caracas, Venezuela, says:

A profound sensation has been caused by the arrest of Gen. Hermogene Lopez, once the president of Venezuela in the time of Guzman Blanco. The arrest was made, it is said, because of the discovery of revolutionary movement involving the latter.

English capitalists, it is rumored, have approached Guzman Blanco to stir up a rebellion here.

President Crespo is determined to suppress the movement at any cost.

The militia has been enrolled, but not armed yet and probably will not be until everything is quiet. Next Sunday President Crespo will issue a printed address to the people of Venezuela giving the exact position of the government on the Guiana question, expressing the gratitude of the nation to President Cleveland for his attitude in upholding the Monroe doctrine, so necessary to the maintenance of the independence of the Southern republics and urging the people to bury political discord and present a solid front to the English invader.

At the same time General Crespo counsels the people to be calm, to refrain from violence and to await the action of the United States.

The address will be read in the plazas of the different cities.

PRESIDENT KRUGER MELTS.

Will Grant Concessions to Foriegn Population.

London, Jan. 4.—A private and reliable telegram received here this afternoon from Pretoria says that President Kruger has declared that he is willing to make satisfactory concessions to the Uitlanders, or foreign population of Transvaal, whose demands for representation, in view of the fact that they contribute practically the whole revenue of the republic, led to the ill-feeling which resulted in Dr. Jameson's raid.

FIVE LUCKY PEOPLE.

Ohioans Discover Themselves to Be Heirs to Millions.

Springfield, O., Jan. 3.—It developed here last evening that C. W. Neal, of South Plum street; Rev. A. R. Neal, of Delaware; Dr. Pierce and ex-Treasurer Richard Pierce, of Urbana, and J. W. Pierce, of Chicago, are heirs, with clear titles, to the celebrated Anneke Jans estate, New York city, embracing Trinity church, and valued at many millions. The heirs, in view of the recent favorable supreme court decision, will effect an organization to secure a distribution.

CAN NOT INTERFERE.

National Soldiers Home Not Subject to Local Authorities.

Milwaukee, Jan. 3.—An important point involving the interference of local or state authorities with national soldiers' home canteens was settled by Judge Seaman yesterday, when he filed his decision which has been reported in these dispatches in the Kelly jurisdiction case. Judge Seaman holds that "the lands and property employed for the home, constitute instrumentalities for the execution of the powers of the general government and are, therefore, exempt from such control of the state as would defeat or impair their use for those purposes.

TWO PROMISING INDIAN BOYS.

Tortured a Man With the Artistic Finish of a Turk.

Antlers, I. T., Jan. 3.—Lee Crum white, was murdered two miles from here by two Choctaw boys aged 12 and 16. They shot him on Sunday injuring him badly. On Monday they went back, scalped him while still alive and cut off his ears. Then they cut his throat gouged out his eyes, slashing his cheeks and robbed the dead body. When arrested both confessed explaining that the United States laws were no good and that they had decided to kill a white man.

The Progress of Medical Science.

CONSUMPTION.

A scientific discussion of this dread disease, its cause, treatment and cure, by Dr. Robert Hunter, the father of inhalation and most eminent lung specialists of the day. After a period of research extending over half a century, Dr. Hunter explains his perfected discovery of a specific remedy for consumption, and proves its success, not only scientifically, but through the grateful testimonials of his patients. Dr. Hunter was for forty years the sole advocate of the germ theory of consumption, which is now accepted by the medical profession throughout the world as the only correct theory—thus establishing beyond doubt his superior knowledge of this disease. Readers of the Toledo Blade can obtain Dr. Hunter's book explaining his treatment without charge by addressing him at his residence, 117 West Forty-fifth street, New York.

SATOLLI IS CARDINAL.

Cardinal Gibbons Made the Presentation of the Berretta.

Baltimore, Jan. 6.—The second step in the elaborate ceremony of elevating Francis Satolli, archbishop of Lepanto and apostolic delegate to the United States, to the rank of cardinal, prince of the church, took place in the venerable cathedral here yesterday. The ceremony consisted of conferring the berretta, which is the cap worn by priests on ordinary occasions and differing only in the case of cardinals in that it is red. The preceding steps have been the conferring of the zucchette or red skull cap, and the administering of the oath. The remaining step is the conferring of the red hat, which must be done in Rome by the pope himself, within six months from November 30, the day upon which Satolli's appointment was made. The old edifice in which the ceremony took place was packed to the doors with an audience which numbered among its members many of the most prominent ecclesiastic dignitaries, legislators, educators and journalists in

CARDINAL SATOLLI.

America. Archbishops, bishops and eminent professors represented the Catholic church in the congregation.

The initial step in the ceremonies of the day took place in the palace of the cardinal shortly after 9 o'clock in the morning, when Monsignor Sbarretti presented his credentials to Cardinal Gibbons. The credentials, which came from the holy see, authorized Mgr. Barretti to act as the ablegate of the pope, deputize Cardinal Gibbons to confer the berretta and announce to Mgr. Satolli his elevation to the cardinalate. They were also accompanied by the berretta, which from that moment were in the custody of Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal Gibbons, in receiving the documents and the berretta, responded briefly, expressing his high appreciation of the honor conferred upon him and congratulating Mgr. Barretti upon the manner in which he had performed his duties in this country.

When the persons most prominent in the ceremonies of the day had taken their places, Marquis Serafini, clad in the scarlet, gold and white uniform of noble guard, wearing high top boots and sword and helmet, advanced from his post near the center of the altar and deposited on a table at the left hand of Cardinal Gibbons the cardinalitial documents and the berretta. Then he crossed the altar and stood in front of the throne occupied by Satolli, lifted his helmet, and, falling back, took up a position to the right of Satolli.

As soon as all the principal actors in the spectacle had assumed their positions, Dr. Rooker, of the University at Wasington, advanced and, in Latin, read the document to Satolli from the pope.

The vast audience became all attention as it neared the most interesting point in the ceremony, that of actually conferring the berretta. Cardinal Gibbons descended from his throne and advanced to the front of the altar. Upon reaching the illustrious prelate he knelt and bowed his head. Cardinal Gibbons took the berretta from the silver salver on which it rested, and, slowly unfolding it, held it high up so that the audience could see it. Then stooping, and with what seemed to be a softly murmured prayer, he placed it upon the head of the new cardinal. Cardinal Satolli rose, and, for the first time in its history, there were two cardinals upon American soil.

BAT SHEA SAVED.

Another Man Confesses to the Murder of Ross.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 6.—The climax of one of the most dramatic and sensational criminal incidents of the state's history was made public yesterday when, just 48 hours prior to the execution of the death sentence upon Bartholomew Shea, another man confessed to the murder and Shea steps from beneath the shadow of death thrown by the electric chair.

The man who voluntarily confesses to the crime is John McGough, of Troy, now serving a sentence of 19 years and 6 months for shooting and attempting to kill William Ross, a brother of Robert Ross, who was supposed to be Shea's victim.

On Saturday when Warden Thayer was made aware that the governor would not interfere and arrangements were being made for the execution, McGough sent for the warden of the prison and told him that he wished to make a statement concerning the murder of Robert Ross. McGough then wrote a statement of about two pages, and signing it with his full name handed it to the warden. To the surprise of the warden and his deputies, the paper contained a decided statement that he, McGough, and not Shea, had shot and killed Robert Shea.

Warden Thayer at once dispatched the prison stenographer, Mr. Edward M. Coughlin, to Albany, who caught Governor Morton at the mansion just as he was leaving for church. After a brief conference the governor decided to grant a respite for four weeks, during which time counsel could take the proper means to bring the matter before the courts for a new trial. The respite will be issued to-morrow, and will be in force until February 1.

Col. Knox Dead.

New York, Jan. 6.—Col. Thomas W. Knox, who became distinguished as a newspaper correspondent in the civil war, and who since that time has written many stories for the young, died in his apartments in the Lotus Club today. He was sixty-one years of age.

Where Chinese Are At.

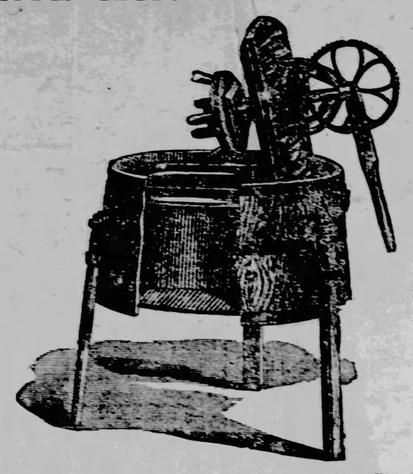
San Francisco, Jan. 4.—Judge Morrow decided yesterday in the United States District court that every Chinese born in the United States is a citizen thereof.

Bollin's Big Shortage.

Omaha, Neb., Jan. 7.—The report of the expert submitted to the city council last night shows that the entire defalcation of ex-City Treasurer Henry Bollin amounts to more than $115,000.

BLADE WASHING MACHINE

BETTER THAN EVER. CHEAPER THAN EVER.

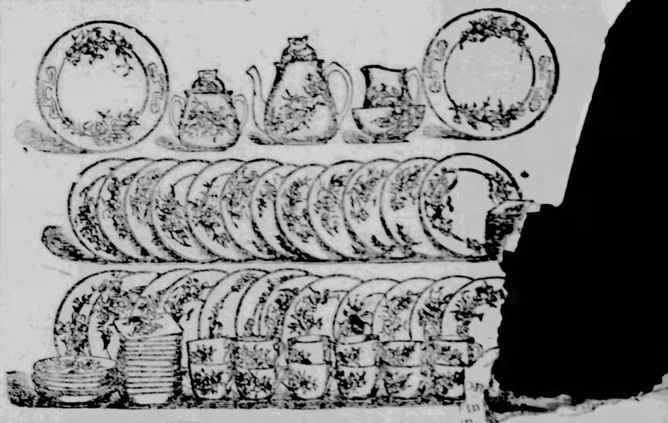


To satisfy the demands of our subscribers we will offer The Blade Washer again as a premium this season for a large number of these machines will give our readers the benefit of this offer. The regular price of this machine is $5.00. We will send the Blade Washer and The Weekly Blade one year for only $4.00. We will send the Blade Washer six subscribers and $6.00 all at one time. The Blade Washer is the only perfect machine of this kind on the market. It saves time, labor, soap and clothes. A child can operate it. Directions with each machine. The Washer is carefully boxed and crated, and shipped by freight and the purchaser pays the freight on receipt of the machine. The charges are very small. This is one of the best offers ever made by a paper to its subscribers and every family taking The Blade should have one of these labor saving machines. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS
—AND—
DINNER SETS.

Another Reduction--Later Designs.

Eighty, Fifty-six, One Hundred and Eight or Twenty-eight Pieces handsomely decorated in several colors and gold band. These goods are made especially for THE BLADE, and we guarantee the highest quality of goods, the best grade of workmanship, the latest and most stylish shape of pieces, as well as late and artistic design of decoration. The following illustration was reproduced from a photograph of our first 80-piece Tea Set. It gives a fair idea, but we now have later designs and shapes. Also we give better material and color than formerly.



No. 1.—BLADE STANDARD TEA SET, 80 PIECES.—We call it so (like illustration above) Standard because [illegible] Tea Set, we offered for years in connection with the WEEKLY BLADE. We have sold thousands of sets of these goods, and in every case the recipient received more than expected. This year we expect to send out at the reduced prices, FIVE THOUSAND SETS. This set consists of 12 breakfast plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 soup plates, 12 saucers, 12 fruit dishes, 12 individual butter dishes, 2 round cake plates, 1 tea pot, 1 cover, 1 sugar bowl, 1 cover, 1 cream pitcher and 1 bowl.

The No. 1 Blade Standard Tea Set, 80 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $3.40; former price $7; or we will present one of these Sets to any person sending us a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names to be sent all at one time.

No. 2.—BLADE TEA SET, 56 PIECES.—This set is exactly like the above illustrated 80-piece Tea Set, deducting 12 breakfast plates and 12 individual butter plates.

The No. 2 Tea Set, 56 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $4, former price $5.50; or we will present any person sending us a club of six subscribers and $6. The club of six names to be sent all at one time.

No. 3—BLADE DINNER SET, 108 PIECES.—We can describe this set by taking the above illustrated 80-piece Tea set and adding the following: 12 soup plates, 1 egg dish, 1 round dish, 2 deep dishes, 1 scalloped dish, 2 oval dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 1 sauce dish, 1 compote, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 12 cups. We can thus supply any first purchaser a No. 1 Standard Tea Set and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 3 Blade Dinner Set, 108 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $9.25; or we will present one of these Sets to any person as a club of 16 subscribers and $16. The club of 16 names all to be sent at one time.

No. 4.—BLADE CHINA SORT, 28 PIECES, consisting of 6 soup plates, 1 egg dish, 2 deep dishes, 2 twelve-inch dish, 2 eight-inch bakers, 1 sauce boat, 2 pickle dishes, 1 covered dish (2 pieces), 1 sauce dish, 1 compote, 1 covered butter dish (3 pieces), and 12 cups. We can thus supply any first purchaser a No. 1 Standard Tea Set and afterwards desire to have a complete dinner set.

The No. 4 Blade China Sorts, 28 Pieces, and the Weekly Blade one year, only $3.00; or we will present one of these Assortments to any person as a club of eight subscribers and $8. The club of eight names all to be sent at one time.

NOTE—These sets are decorated with a later pattern than those we sold two years ago, and consequently will not match with former purchases. We recommend our readers to buy first, our No. 1 Blade Standard set, afterwards as placed with the goods you may order our No. 4 set, the two combined making you a complete dinner set.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS AND INFORMATION.

ORDER BY NUMBER. The goods are carefully packed in box by manufacturer and shipped direct from the pottery to the purchaser upon our order. We shall order every package shipped by freight unless otherwise instructed. The receiver can pay the freight charges, which according to distance, will cover freight east of Missouri River, while it may cost somewhere near $1 to pay freight to points beyond the Rockies. We do not advise shipping by express. Never before was so much value offered for so little money. Twenty years ago the rich could afford such goods as these, and even to-day the wealthy pay double the price we ask for goods of equal quality, color, style and finish to the best imported wares. We make no profit. We want and will have, as a result of this offer, thousands of clubs. These articles will be useful in the home of every reader of THE BLADE, no matter whether rich or poor. Every lady who has a club of from ten to twenty for THE BLADE in one day. Get about it before some one else canvasses the field. We are prepared to fill orders promptly.

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

SIX PERSONS BURNED

In John H. Hibbard's Home in Columbus, Ohio.

Columbus, O., Jan. 2.—At 4 o'clock this morning the residence of John H. Hibbard, 1238 East Long street, was discovered to be on fire. Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard, their son, Allen, aged five, and Baby Dorothy, Miss Fay Hibbard and Mrs. Grace Hibbard Lee, sisters of Barnesville, Ohio, perished in smoke, and their bodies were more or less destroyed by fire. Mr. Hibbard was secretary of the Central Ohio Natural Gas and Fuel company, and was connected by marriage with the Deshlers, Huntingtons, and others of the wealthiest families of Columbus. Four sons less than 15 years of age and the colored servant, a girl aged 18, and originally from Palatka, Florida, escaped by jumping from a second story windows. Natural gas was used, but the fire evidently originated from some defective construction in the woodwork.

AMERICAN'S SAD PLIGHT.

Lady of Gentle Birth Wandering London Streets and Has Money.

London, Jan. 6.—Mrs. Cornelius Selbels, of Atlanta or Augusta, Ga., has been found wandering in the streets here. She has completely lost her memory and is now in St. George's workhouse. Mrs. Selbels is about 84 years of age, evidently a lady by birth and has nearly $1,000 in her possession.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 6.—Mrs. Cornelia Selbels, reported in the Associated Press dispatches as having been found wandering on the streets in London to-day, passed through Atlanta during the later part of November on her way from Brookhaven, Miss., to Germany, where she expected to recover fifty million dollars as her part of the great Selbels estate, claiming to be a direct heir. She has relatives in Georgia and considerable property in Mississippi, where she had been a large contributor to public charities.

SALOON KEEPERS REVOLT.

Will Fight the Kansas City Brewers' Combine.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 6.—The saloon men of this city will soon doubtless rise in revolt against the brewers' combine, which has been in existence in this city for three years. It is claimed that many saloon men have gone into an organization to fight the combine, and that arrangements are being perfected with Eastern brewers for the erection of a cold storage plant here to carry a stock of beer to supply local dealers. The price is quoted as slightly below that in vogue here. The price here is $6 per barrel, while the same goods are sold in Chicago at $5. Every local brewery and every large agency represented here is in the combination, and they are able to absolutely control the trade in this city.

CELEBRATING HER ADMISSION.

Salute of Many Guns Opened Ceremonies.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Jan. 6.—Another state has been added to the Union and the rights of self-government have been extended to a quarter of a million industrious, law-abiding and intelligent people.

The oath of office was administered to the state officials of Utah at noon to-day and a new state with her vast resources starts off with the promise of a bright and glorious future.

The city was crowded with people from all parts of the state. Acting Governor Richards had by proclamation declared the day a holiday. All business was suspended and the buildings along the principal streets were decorated with the national colors. The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and the sounding of all the steam whistles in the city.

While the parade was taking place the artill

WASHINGTON.

THE VENEZUELA COMMISSION.

President Cleveland's Nominations Announced.

Washington, Jan. 2.—President Cleveland last night announced the appointment of the Venezuelan boundary commission as follows: David J. Brewer, of Kansas, justice United States Supreme Court; Richard H. Alvey, of Maryland, chief justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia; Andrew D. White, of New York; Frederick R. Coudert, of New York, and Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland.

The commission is regarded here among those who had an opportunity to see the list of names after they

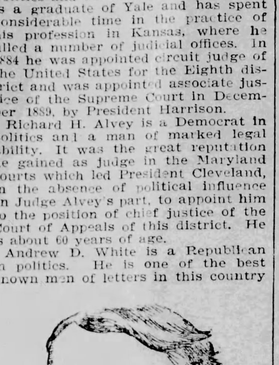
DAVID J. BREWER.
(From his latest photograph.)

were made public as a very satisfactory one, whose opinions and conclusions will be received by the American public with that confidence which the standing of the members of the commission in the public eye inspires.

Justice Brewer is a Republican in politics and about 58 years of age. He is a graduate of Yale and has spent considerable time in the practice of his profession in Kansas, where he filled a number of judicial offices. In 1884 he was appointed circuit judge of the United States for the Eighth district and was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court in December 1889, by President Harrison.

Richard H. Alvey is a Democrat in politics and a man of marked legal ability. It was the great reputation he gained as judge in the Maryland courts which led President Cleveland, in the absence of political influence on Judge Alvey's part, to appoint him to the position of chief justice of the Court of Appeals of this district. He is about 60 years of age.

Andrew D. White is a Republican in politics. He is one of the best known men of letters in this country

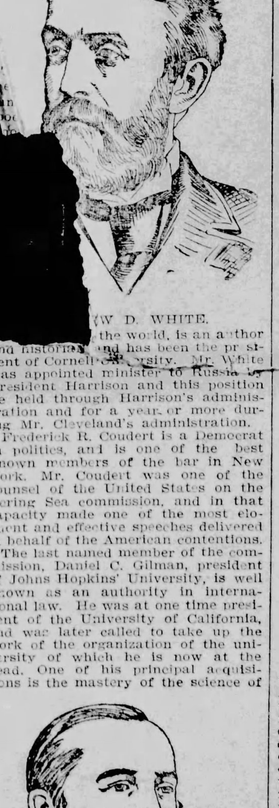


ANDREW D. WHITE.

the world, is an author and historian and has been the president of Cornell University. Mr. White was appointed minister to Russia by President Harrison and this position he held through Harrison's administration and for a year or more during Mr. Cleveland's administration.

Frederick R. Coudert is a Democrat in politics, and is one of the best known members of the bar in New York. Mr. Coudert was one of the counsel of the United States on the Bering Sea commission, and in that capacity made one of the most eloquent and effective speeches delivered in behalf of the American contentions.

The last named member of the commission, Daniel C. Gilman, president of Johns Hopkins' University, is well known as an authority in international law. He was at one time president of the University of California, and was later called to take up the work of the organization of the university of which he is now at the head. One of his principal acquisitions is the mastery of the science of



DANIEL C. GILMAN.

physical geography, he having studied in Germany under a prominent instructor and in this country under Guyot. He is the author of a life of President Monroe. Mr. Gilman has never figured prominently in politics. At the White House it is stated that he has no politics, but his proclivities are understood to be Republican. The two great parties, it will be seen, are equally represented on the commission, with the fifth member having no outspoken politics.

All of the above named persons will accept the places to which they have been appointed, and are expected to assemble in Washington as soon as practicable with a view to their swearing in and entering upon their work. The appointments are made in compliance with a resolution of Congress passed at the request of President Cleveland, and the work of the commissioners will be to examine and collect evidence with a view to determining the true division line between Venezuela and British Guiana.

The conclusions reached by the commission will be reported to the President for his information in connection with any further representations and communications that may be made by this government to Great Britain in regard with the boundary line dispute between the latter and Venezuela.

THE FIRST MEETING.

Venezuelan Commissioners Instructed by President.

Washington, Jan. 4.—Mr. Coudert was the first member of the commission to appear at the state department to-day. He arrived about half-past 10 o'clock, accompanied by his son, and had a short chat with Assistant Secretary Uhl, who showed him into Secretary Olney's office.

About fifteen minutes later Justice Brewer and Mr. Gilman appeared and were admitted at once to see Secretary Olney. Judge Alvey was the last member to come to the department. The fifth member, Mr. White has not yet reached Washington.

After exchanging greetings with the secretary and with one another, Secretary Olney presented to each member a commission, of which the following is a digest:

"To the Hon. David J. Brewer:

"You are hereby appointed member of the commission to investigate and report upon the true location of the divisional line between the territory of the republic of Venezuela and that of British Guiana.

"It is expected that the commission will avail itself of all possible sources of information, will apply to the matter all pertinent rules of municipal and international law, and will make a report to the President of their conclusions, together with the evidence and documents submitted to and considered by them, with as little delay as is compatible with the thorough and impartial consideration of the subject to be dealt with.

"GROVER CLEVELAND.

"By the President, Richard Olney, Secretary of State."

The members of the commission then entered upon a consultation with Secretary Olney lasting a little over half an hour, probably with a view to securing a suitable meeting place and reaching an understanding as to what clerical and expert assistance would be necessary.

The most important feature of Secretary Olney's remarks was his explanation of the desire of the government that the commission should regard itself as entirely independent of control in the pursuance of its investigations, and as master of its own procedure at all times.

At the conclusion of the conference with Secretary Olney the commission retired to the diplomatic room to hold the first preliminary meeting, Secretary Olney tendering the service of

FREDERICK R. COUDERT.

his own private secretary, Mr. Blandford, to act as recording secretary, until other provision is made.

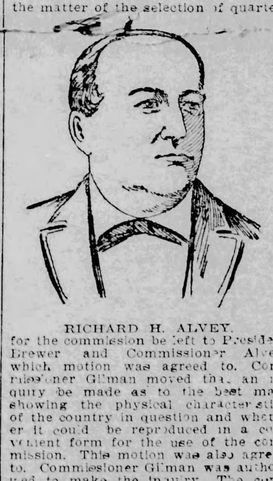
The session lasted about an hour and at its conclusion a formal statement of the proceedings, so far as it was deemed proper to make public, was given out as follows:

Justice Brewer was unanimously elected president of the commission, and proceeded to administer to Messrs. Alvey, Coudert and Gilman the following oath:

"I ——— of ——— appointed ——— ——— of the United States a. ——— ——— do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the constitution of the United States of America against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without mental reservation or purpose of evasion, and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office of member of the commission to investigate and report upon the location of the divisional line between the territory of the republic of Venezuela and British Guiana."

Walter Blandford was appointed clerk for this occasion.

Commissioner Coudert moved that the matter of the selection of quarters



RICHARD H. ALVEY.

for the commission be left to President Brewer and Commissioner Alvey, which motion was agreed to. Commissioner Gilman moved that an inquiry be made as to the best map, showing the physical characteristics of the country in question and whether it could be reproduced in a convenient form for the use of the commission. This motion was also agreed to. Commissioner Gilman was authorized to make the inquiry. The commission then adjourned at half-past 12 o'clock to meet Saturday next at half-past 10 o'clock unless the president shall designate another day meanwhile.

THE SUBSTITUTE BILL

Adopted by the Senate Finance Committee.

Washington, Jan. 7.—Following is the full text of substitute for the bond bill adopted by the Senate finance committee yesterday:

That from and after the passage of this act the mints of the United States shall be open to the coinage of silver, and there shall be coined dollars of the weight of four hundred and twelve and one-half grains troy, of standard silver, nine-tenths fine, as provided by the act of January 18, 1837, and upon the same terms and subject to the limitations and provisions of the law regulating the coinage and legal tender quality of gold; and whenever the said coins herein provided for shall be received into the treasury, certificates may be issued thereon in the manner now provided by law.

Section 2.—That the secretary of the treasury shall coin into standard silver dollars as soon as practicable, according to the provisions of section 1 of this act, from the silver bullion purchased under authority of the act of June 14, 1890, entitled, "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes" that portion of said silver bullion which represents the seigniorage or profit to the government, to-wit: The difference between the cost of the silver purchased under said act, and the coinage value; and said silver dollars, so coined, shall be used in payment of the current expenses of the government; and for the purpose of making the said seigniorage immediately available for use as money, the secretary of the treasury is hereby authorized and directed to issue silver certificates against it as if it were already coined and in the treasury.

Section 3.—That no national bank note shall be hereafter issued for a denomination less than ten dollars, and all notes of such banks now outstanding of denominations less than that sum shall be, as rapidly as practicable, taken up, redeemed and cancelled and notes of ten dollars and larger denominations shall be issued in their stead under the direction of the comptroller of the currency.

Section 4.—That the comptroller of the treasury shall redeem United States notes, commonly called greenbacks, and also the treasury notes issued under the provisions of the act of July 14, 1890, when presented for redemption, in standard silver dollars or in gold coin, using for redemption of said notes either gold or silver coins or both, not at the option of the holder, but exclusively at the option of the government, and said notes, when so redeemed, shall be reissued as provided by the act of May 31, 1878.

The substitute was adopted without discussion, the vote being 8 to 5. Senator Wolcott was absent, but his vote was counted for the bill. The yeas were: Voorhees, Harris, Jones (Ark.), Vest, White, Walthall, Democrats; Jones, of Nevada, Populist; and Walcott, Republican. The nays: Morrill, Sherman, Allison, Aldrich and Platt.

The Democrats indicated their willingness, after the bond bill was disposed of, to take up the tariff bill, but the Republicans asked for further time in order to submit the tariff to the Republican caucus.

The silver substitute also provides for the retirement of all notes of less denomination than $10. The finance committee immediately began consideration of the tariff bill. It is said that this bill will be reported substantially as it came from the House, except that an advance of 15 per cent of the present duty on sugar will be provided for and the agricultural schedule will be increased to 20 or 25 per cent of the present law. It is expected that the tariff bill will be ordered reported, although the absence of Senator Wolcott may prevent such action to-day unless a pair in the committees can be arranged for him.

AGAIN MORE BONDS.

Secretary Issued a Bond Circular at Midnight.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Speculation concerning the amount and character of the new bond issue was set at rest last night when Secretary Carlisle made public a circular on the subject. The loan will be a "popular" one, and the circular, which is dated January 6, gives notice that the government will sell $100,000,000 thirty-year 4 per cent coupon or registered bonds dated February 1, 1895, for which purchasers will be required to pay in gold coin or gold certificates. This is the first issue by the present administration of such a large amount at one time, all previous issues having been for $50,000,000 each. The circular also makes an intimation of a possible further issue of bonds, should the issue or sale of an additional or different form of bond for the maintenance of the gold reserve be authorized by the law before February 5. It was almost midnight when Secretary Carlisle's circular was made public, too late an hour to obtain the opinions of public men on the action of the government or the prospect of absorption of the bonds by the people. The fact that the bonds will be issued in sums of $50 and multiples thereof, and be payable in installments, is a feature which it is believed will make them be regarded with popular favor.

The reason for dating the bonds a year back, is said to be to give the people a better opportunity to judge their market value by comparing them with the gold 4's issued at that time, so that their bid can be made to conform to the market value of those bonds on the first of February. The circular is as follows:

"Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., January 6, 1896.—Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, D. C., until 12 o'clock, noon, on Wednesday, February 5, 1896, for the purchase of one hundred million dollars ($100,000,000) of United States four per cent coupon or registered bonds in denominations of fifty dollars ($50) and multiples of that sum, as may be desired by bidders.

"The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

"The bonds will be dated on the 1st day of February, 1895, and be payable in coin thirty years after that date and will bear interest at four per centum per annum, payable quarterly in coin, but all coupons maturing on and before the first day of February, 1895, will be detached, and purchasers will be required to pay in United States gold coin or gold certificates for the bonds awarded to them, and all interest accrued thereon after the first day of February, 1896, up to the time of application for delivery.

"Payments for the bonds must be made at the treasury of the United States at Washington, or at the United States sub-treasuries at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis or New Orleans, or they may be made at San Francisco with exchange on New York, and all bids must state what denomination of bonds are desired, and whether coupon or registered, and at what place they will be paid for.

"Payments may be made by installments as follows:

"Twenty per cent (20) upon receipt of notice of acceptance of bids and twenty per cent (20) at the end of each ten days thereafter, but all accepted bidders may pay the whole amount at the date of the first installment, and those who have paid all installments previously maturing may pay the whole amount of their bids at any time, not later than the maturity of the last installment.

"The bonds will be ready for delivery on or before the 15th day of February, 1896.

"Notice is further hereby given that if the issue and sale of an additional or different form of bond for the maintenance of the gold reserve shall be authorized by law before the 5th day of February, 1896, sealed proposals for the purchase of such bonds will also be received at the same time and place, and up to the same date, and upon the same terms and conditions herein set forth, and such bids will be considered as well as the bids for the four per cent bonds herein mentioned.

"J. G. CARLISLE,
"Secretary of the Treasury."

WILL EXECRATE CLEVELAND

For Binding Them Hand and Foot for Thirty Weary Years.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Mr. Walker, of Massachusetts, chairman of the bonding and currency committee, said: "When the President has a chance to issue ten year bonds and issues thirty year, he does an act that will be universally condemned in the near future, if not to-day. The people will demand that these bonds will be paid, even at a considerable premium, before ten years, and probably within five, and will execrate the men who have bound them hand and foot for 30 years."

WHAT THIS COUNTRY OWES.

Monthly Statement for December Shows a Decrease.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The monthly statement of the public debt issued from the Treasury department yesterday, shows that on December 31, 1895, the public debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to $847,298,262, or a decrease for the month of $1,179,349. The debt is recapitulated as follows:

Interest-bearing debt, $747,361,960. Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity, $1,674,510. Debt bearing no interest, $376,288,992.

Aggregate debt, $1,125,325,462, exclusive of $58,653,673 in certificates and treasury notes offset by an equal amount of cash in the treasury.

The cash in the treasury is classified as follows, cents omitted:

Gold, $113,198,707; silver, $501,460,554; paper, $157,567,096; bonds, disbursing officers' balances, etc., $15,353,088. Total cash, $787,578,447, against which there are demand liabilities amounting to $689,551,247, leaving cash balance in the treasury of $178,027,200.

The treasury yesterday lost $60,000 in gold coin and $23,000 in bars in exchange for legal tender, making the true amount of the gold reserve $62,568,234.

OUR FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Monthly Corporation Table Shows a Smaller Deficit.

Washington, Jan. 2.—The monthly comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures of the United States shows that during the month of December the receipts, cents omitted, aggregated $26,253,937, as follows:

Customs, $12,168,172; internal revenue, $12,750,771; miscellaneous, $1,368,993.

The expenditures during the month amounted to $25,814,317, leaving a surplus for the month of $474,620. The figures for the first half of the present fiscal year ended December 31, however, show a deficit of $18,394,707, as against a deficit of $27,564,465 during the first half of last year, as compared with December, 1894, the receipts from customs show an increase of a little less than $1,000,000 and from internal revenue an increase of about $3,350,000. For the last six months the receipts from customs show an increase over the corresponding period last year of $12,377,000. There was during the same months a loss in the returns from internal revenue of about $5,276,000.

WANT CUBA RECOGNIZED.

Delegation of Revolutionists at the Capital.

Washington, Jan. 7.—It is learned that the chief purpose of the leaders of the Cuban revolutionary party in the United States in coming to Washington to-day was to push vigorously the movement to secure recognition of the revolutionists by this government. They made to Secretary Olney a brief but forcible presentation of the claims of the insurgents to recognition in addition they presented to the secretary a great number of documents bearing upon the origin, abuses, conditions, and present status of the Cuban uprising, collected from official archives and unofficial sources

Recently the House adopted a resolution upon the recommendation of the committee on foreign affairs, calling upon the state department for all information in its possession concerning the revolution President Palma and his associates at once began the compilation of evidence in justification of their cause, and are determined that Congress shall not want information. It is probable that the documents given to Secretary Olney or their substance, will soon be transmitted to the House and referred to the foreign affairs committee There is a strong sentiment in the House which has been advanced by the recent successes of the Cubans that this government should do all in its power, consistent with international usages, to assist the patriots Mr Sulzer and several other members are endeavoring to assist the cause in Congress

President Palma predicts that the insurgents will capture Havana within three months, and that a Cuban republic will be established in six months, if it has the recognition of the United States.

It is quite likely that the Cuban question will not come up for discussion unil the committee on foreign affairs makes a report.

UTAH IS A STATE.

President's Proclamation to That Effect Issued.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The President at 10 o'clock this morning signed the proclamation admitting Utah to statehood. The proclamation recites the enabling act passed by Congress, the reception of the act by the people of the proposed state, and the adoption of a constitution which provides that perfect toleration of religious sentiments shall be secured and that no inhabitant of said state shall ever be molested in person or property on account of his or her mode of religious worship, but that polygamous or plural marriages are forever prohibited; and did also by said ordinance make the other various stipulations recited in section three of said act.

In commenting on this, the President says: "And whereas the constitution and government of said proposed state are republican in form, said constitution s not repugnant to the constitution of the United States and the declaration of independence; and all the provisions of said act have been complied with in the formation of said constitution and government;

"Now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States of America, in accordance with the act of Congress aforesaid and by authority thereof, announce the result of said election to be as so certified, and do hereby declare that the admission of the said state into the Union on an equal footing with the original states is now accomplished."

AT THE PRESENT RATE

Will Require Fifty Years to Properly Arm Our Harbors.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The secretary of war sent to the House yesterday the fifth annual report of the board of ordnance and fortifications for the year ending October 31, 1895. The estimate of funds required for the ensuing fiscal year is placed at $245,000. This is to be expended for experiments and expenses of the board The work of providing a proper armament for our harbors, says the report, is progressing steadily and on a sound basis, but so slowly that at the rate appropriations have been made during the last ten years, it would take at least fifty years to place our seacoast in proper condition of defense. It is of national importance and an imperative necessity that the work of fortification would be pressed with vigor. The plans for guns, carriages and emplacements are perfected and a liberal and constant annual appropriation should be paid until our ports are properly protected.

THIS MAY END IT.

American and Canadian Surveyors Agree on Alaskan Boundary Line.

Washington, Jan. 4.—General F. Duffield, the chief of the coast and geodetic survey, presented to the secretary of state the joint report upon the Alaskan boundary which was agreed upon by him and the Canadian representative, Mr. King, at their meeting at Albany this week.

The report probably will not be made public until it is transmitted to Congress, but it shows a practical agreement between the surveys of the two governments and may have the effect of partially quieting the apprehensions of trouble over the boundary.

KANSAS'S BIGGEST MAN.

Justice Brewer Entered for the Presidency.

Topeka, Kas., Jan. 3.—Chief Justice Albert Horton has entered Associate Justice David J. Brewer as Republican candidate for the Presidency.

"Judge Brewer is likely to be considered for the presidency by the St. Louis convention," said he. "He is a big man and his appointment by the President to be the head of the Venezuela commission makes him a bigger one. It is a proper recognition of his worth. He is decidedly the biggest man Kansas ever gave to public life, and you will find that he will distinguish himself in the Venezuela investigation. Of course, the commission will not report until long after the St. Louis convention shall have met and done its work, but that will not make any difference. Brewer will be considered by the St. Louis convention regardless of that."

ALTOONA HOTEL BURNED.

Loss is a Heavy One, and One Life Sacrificed.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 6.—The Central hotel, situated in the heart of the business section of this city, was totally destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. F. F. Housam, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Fire company, was killed by a falling wall and several others were seriously injured, one of them, William Wareham, also a fireman, very seriously. The McCartney building adjoining the hotel, occupied by the Union Pacific Tea company, and as a residence, was badly damaged. The total loss aggregates over $160,000, insurance $75,000.

HE SWINDLES MASONS.

Jacques Ochs Wanted in New York for Crookedness.

New York, Jan. 4.—The district attorney's office sent a dispatch to Chicago to-day asking for the arrest there of Jacques Ochs, who is wanted here for swindling. Ochs's plan, it is claimed, was to organize bogus Masonic lodges. The proceeds of his operations, it is said, will reach probably $60,000. He has organized lodges in nearly all the larger cities.

Rebels Were Repulsed.

Yokohama, Jan. 6.—A serious uprising has occurred in Formosa. On January 1 10,000 rebels attacked Talpeh, but they were repulsed.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

GEN. LEGGETT IS DEAD.

Founder of Ohio's Public School System.

Cleveland, Jan. 7.—Gen. Mortimer Downer Leggett died as the shadow of night fell yesterday.

His career closed at exactly 5:30 o'clock. Two hours later a constant succession of callers visited the afflicted home to express their sorrow and extend their sympathy to Mrs Leggett. It was no perfunctory duty on their part, but on the contrary sincere feeling was manifest in the look of every friend.

General Leggett was seized with an attack of apoplexy New Year's even-

MAJOR GENERAL LEGGETT.

ing from which he rallied, only to be stricken yesterday. Death was painless.

General Leggett first married in 1844 Miss Marilla Wells, of Montville Center, O., who died in the autumn of 1876. By this marriage there were five children, only one of whom is now living. This surviving child is a daughter, the wife of H. A. Seymour, Esq., of Washington, who is now in Europe with her three children.

A second marriage was made by General Leggett in 1879, the second wife being Miss Wealtha Post, daughter of H. C. Post, Esq., of Sandusky. Mrs. Leggett survives her husband.

Gen. Mortimer D. Leggett was the son of Isaac and Mary Strong Leggett, and was born at Ithaca, N. Y., April 19, 1821.

After his admission to the bar he became deeply interested in the subject of common schools and labored arduously with Dr. A. D. Lord, Loren Andrews, and M. F. Cowdery for the establishment of the present system of public instruction. These three gentlemen and himself stumped the state at their own expense in favor of free schools and education.

In the spring of 1845, after a due course of training, Gen. Leggett was graduated from the Willoughby Medical college, and in the fall of 1846 went to Akron and organized the first system of graded schools ever instituted west of the Alleghany mountains, under what was known as the Akron school law. After remaining in Akron for two years, he removed to Warren, and there organized a similar sytem. In 1850 he commenced the practice of law in Warren, in which city he became so eminent that in 1856 he was professor of pleading and practice in the Ohio Law college.

Late in 1857 he removed to Zanesville, where he continued his law practice and in addition had general supervision of the public schools.

On the outbreak of the civil war, being a personal friend of Gen. McClellan, he accompanied the latter to West Virginia. In the latter part of 1861 he was commissioned by Governor Dennison to raise and organize the Seventy-eighth Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which was speedily done. He himself enlisted as a private, the first enlistment of the regiment of 1,040 men in forty days, during which period in turn served as private, second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, major, lieutenant colonel and colonel. With his regiment Col. Leggett joined Gen Grant at Fort Donelson, during its siege, where he did excellent service, receiving special mention from Gen Grant, and came out of the strife a major general

SIMPLE, BUT UNCANNY.

Professor Discovers a Light That Penetrates Flesh and Wood.

New York, Jan. 7.—A dispatch from London says: The noise of war's alarms should not distract attention from the marvelous triumph of science which is reported from Vienna. It is announced that Prof. Roentgen, of the Wurzburg university, has discovered a light which for the purposes of photography will penetrate wood, flesh and most of the other organic substances. The professor has succeeded in photographing metal weights which were in a closed wooden case, also a man's hand which shows only the bones, the flesh being invisible. The Chronicle correspondent says the discovery is simple. The professor takes a so-called Crookes pipe, viz.: A vacuum glass pipe with an induction current going through it, and by means of rays which the pipe emits, photographs on ordinary photographic plates.

In contrast with the ordinary rays of light these rays penetrate organic matter and other opaque substances just as ordinary rays penetrate glass.

He has also succeeded in photographing hidden metals with a cloth thrown over the camera. The rays penetrated not only the wooden case containing the metals, but the fabric in front of the negative.

The professor is already using his discovery to photograph broken limbs and bullets in human bodies.

KANSAS SWEDES AROUSED.

One of Their Number a Candidate for Delegate at Large.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 6.—The Swedish Republicans of Kansas have decided to place one of their number in the field as a candidate for delegate at-large to the national convention. The Rev. C. A. Sweenson, president of Albany College at Lindsborg, has been selected, and will receive the unanimous support of his countrymen who vote the Republican ticket. The movement originated with the Swedish American League.

COKE WORKERS TALK STRIKE.

Rainey's Employes Demand an Advance Equal to Frick's.

Scottdale, Pa., Jan. 6.—The employes of W. J. Rainey, the coke operator, met at New Haven and adopted resolutions demanding an advance in wages equal to that recently given by the Frick Coke company, and threatening to strike if their demands are refused. The foreign workmen are eager for a strike, but the English speaking workmen are more conservative.

Severe Battle With Moonshiners.

Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 4.—It is reported here to the revenue office that a battle between moonshiners and revenue officers occurred near the Tennessee and North Carolina line in which seven men were killed. Details are not obtainable at this writing.

THEIR PLACES TAKEN.

Strikers Lose Public Sympathy and Make a Mess of It.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3.—Many of the conductors and motormen employed by the Union Traction Co., obeying the orders to strike, issued at a big mass meeting shortly before 2 o'clock this morning, declined to take out their cars to-day. For a while several divisions were tied up, but an order issued by Acting Chairman Thompson, of the employes' committee, stating that the strike was not official, directing the men to return to work and give the committee time to adjust the differences with the company, had the effect of causing a partial resumption of traffic. Many of the men, however, who obeyed the order to strike found their places taken by other men.

Public sympathy, which was with the men during the former strike, has undergone a decided change and old employes are now being urged by their friends to remain at work. Each street intersection on Chestnut, Market, Broad and other principal streets was guarded by three or four policemen and some of the cars were similarly protected, but this precaution seemed unnecessary, as everything was quiet.

A notice, signed by General Manager Reetem, was posted at all of the depots to-day declaring that if the men do not return to work by 5 o'clock this afternoon they will be discharged and not reinstated under any circumstances. The regular employes are gathered at the depots of branches which remain tied up and announce their willingness to take out their cars if they can be guaranteed protection. There has been no violence, but gangs of hoodlums gathered at the street corners and hooted at the men at work, intimidating many into turning in their cars pending a general resumption.

FOR MILLERS' RIGHTS.

They Want Reciprocity With South American Countries.

Chicago, Jan. 6.—The interest of American millers is centered in the next meeting of the executive committee of the National Millers' Trade association, to be held here about January 27. Millers generally have practically decided upon a persistent agitation for reciprocity with South American countries, and will make a determined effort for the repeal of that portion of the tariff law which they think conflicts with the flour interests of the United States.

R. A. Parker, a prominent member of the association, says the prospect of Cubans gaining independence will have a tendency to promote commercial relations between the new republic and this country. "The present prohibitive tariff between America and South American countries," he added, "should be removed, but we realize that an amendment to the Wilson law to obtain this desired relief would not be necessarily granted for one commodity. Others will doubtless be included. The idea is to continue agitating until the result is attained. Millers do not anticipate any relief from the present Congress, as the President would veto any such bill. As long as the present tariff is in effect it means a decrease of 4,000,000 barrels of flour annually in the export trade, the loss of $16,000,000 per year to American millers, compared to the benefits by reciprocity through the McKinley law."

NO MORE ENGLISH MAP MAKING.

Even the Alaskan Indians Object to It.

Seattle, Wash., Jan. 3.—In discussing the Alaska boundary question, the Hon. Warren Truitt, retiring United States Judge of Alaska, said:

"The unanimous opinion on the boundary question is that the line should stay right where it is. People do not want England's contention granted, for it would take some of the best of southwestern Alaska and control the Yukon trade.

"People are opposed to any more of England's map-making, and they don't want arbitration, for they consider there is nothing to arbitrate. They have seen enough arbitration in the Bering sea controversy, when England got all she desired. The line is where it has been conceded for years. The message of Pres. Cleveland on the Venezuelan boundary question is taken to have some bearing on the Alaskan boundary dispute. It is received with favor

"The Alaskan Indians, who are great lovers of the Stars and Stripes, it being their custom to place the flag at half mast over their dead, are very much opposed to the British gaining possession of any territory."

ANOTHER COLLIERY BURNED.

The Loss is $100,000, but It Will Be Rebuilt.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Jan. 6.—The monster park No. 2 at Trenton, owned and operated by Lentz, Lilly & Co., was destroyed by fire Saturday night. The origin of the fire is not known, but in a half hour the largest individual colliery in this region was burned to the ground. This colliery was valued at about $100,000, and gave employment to 1,000 men and boys.

The loss on Pardee's Cranberry colliery at Hazleton, completely destroyed Saturday morning, will be $100,000. Preparations are being made to rebuild on the same site. The mines employed 800 men and boys.

A DEFECTIVE BOILER.

Blew Up a Building and Killed Many Occupants.

St. Louis, Jan. 2.—A boiler in the basement of the building, 309 North Second street, occupied by the Anchor Peanut Co., and the agency of the Excelsior Fireworks Co., exploded this afternoon with terrific force, shattering the building and burying several persons in the ruins, and more or less injuring a number of others. The building was also set on fire.

Three alarms were turned in, and the firemen and other willing workers quickly began subduing the flames and searching the ruins for dead and wounded.

INDIANA MINERS TO MEET.

To Unite Their Forces for Action Next March.

Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 6.—There is a movement on foot among certain Indiana coal operators to abandon some of the mines in this district to curtail the output.

A meeting of the miners has been called to discuss the situation, also to unify their forces for action when the change of scale is made in the Pittsburg and Ohio districts next March.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE MERCANTILE REPORTS.

There Were 13,197 Business Failures This Year.

New York, Jan. 4.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: The commercial failures during the complete year 1895 number 13,197, against 13,885 in 1894, but the aggregate of liabilities is slightly greater, $173,196,000, against $172,992,856, so that the average per failure is $13,124, against $12,458 in 1894. The bright promise offered by a large decrease in the first quarter was followed by a small increase in the second and third quarters and a large increase in the last quarter of the year. In that quarter also the deferred liabilities to each firm in business increased and also the proportion of deferred liabilities to payments through clearing houses.

Remarkable contraste are shown this week in prices of materials and of manufactured products. Compared with January 1, 1895, prices of manufactured products and of materials rose for pig iron 75.1 per cent at the highest point, but only 9.1 at the close, while manufactures of iron rose 53.7 at the highest point and 23.5 at the close, anthracite coal rising 15.5, but closing 5.6 per cent lower than January 1, 1895. Cotton rose 64.7 per cent at the highest point and 47.1 at the close, but cotton goods only 18.8 at the highest and 14.5 at the close. Hides rose 75.5 at the highest point and 13 at the close; leather 48 at the highest, and 21.4 at the close, and boots and shoes 27.9 at the highest and 12.6 at the close. Wools rose 7.7 at the highest point and 6.9 at the close, but woolen goods rose only one-eighth of 1 per cent at the highest point, closing a shade weaker. Silk 14.3 at the highest point and 10.7 at the close. The comparisons cast much light on the depression and increase in failures during the last quarter.

Produce markets have been the theatre of surprising changes, which have influenced all business. The acreage in cotton was widely restricted in order to give producers a better chance for fair returns and the crop was further reduced to extent by injury, but growers were injured still more by frantic speculation, which checked exports and by false information and advice. Wheat producers suffered in like manner from wild speculation which prevented the exporting of many million bushels and false reports which encouraged farmers to keep back their grain until the cream had been taken off the market by speculators. The inevitable consequence has been a very low range in prices, the yield being clearly in excess of all demands, while Atlantic exports for the last five weeks, flour included, have been 9,411,250 bushels, against 9,703,673 last year. The great corn crop has materially affected the prices of meats.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Jan. 7.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Jan. 7.	Dec. 31.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	114	120½
U. S. 4's (new), registered	114	120½
U. S. 5's, coupons	112¾	114⅝
U. S. 5's, registered	112¾	114⅝
U. S. 4's, coupons	108½	111¾
U. S. 4's, registered	108	110½
U. S. 2's, registered	96	97
Pacific 6's of '95	100	99

Condition of the Grain Market at the Close To-Day.

Wheat opened about unchanged to-day on large Northwestern receipts and lower cables. Later the values were firm on account of the disturbed condition of affairs in the Transvaal, and the report that Emperor William will not recognize the supremacy of England over the Transvaal; prices jumped in Liverpool 1-2d, and the American markets quickly responded. Trade became brisk and shorts covered. Prices fluctuated rapidly but for a length of time tending strongly up. At the close values were pretty well sustained.

Corn was fairly active and sympathized with wheat. At Chicago January corn opened at 25c, rose to 26 1-2c and closed at 26 1-2c bid; May, 28 1-4c, then 28 7-8. At Chicago May corn opened at 34 5-8c and closed at 35 1-8c bid.

Prices of wheat to-day:

Dec.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	68¾	69¾	68¾	69¾
Chicago	58⅞	60⅝	58⅛	60⅝
New York	66¾	67¾	66¾	67¾
St. Louis	59¾	60¾	59¾	60¾

January wheat at Chicago opened at 66¾c nominal, and closed at 67¼c nominal.

The world's shipments for the past week were 6,621,000 bushels.

Liverpool closed 1-2c higher and firm. Wheat east of the Rockies increased 645,000 bushels. Corn increased 385,000 bushels; oats increased 40,000 bushels. Europe decreased 2,128,000 bushels.

Primary receipts: Wheat, 365,000 bushels; same day last year, 221,000 bushels. Corn, receipts, 322,000 bushels; same day last year, 332,000 bushels.

William T. Baker was yesterday for the seventeenth consecutive time elected president of the Chicago Board of Trade by a majority of 215, receiving 777 votes to 562 cast for his opponent, Thomas A. Wright. Zina R. Carter was chosen second vice president in a close contest with Edmund S. Jones, securing 682 votes, a majority of 36.

Receipts in the Northwest, 252,340 bushels, with 414 cars on track, on track same day last year, 282 cars.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 492,202 bushels; flour, 45,000 barrels, or wheat and flour as wheat, 686,000 bushels.

January Pork at Chicago, $9.12; close, $9.17. May pork, $9.50; close, $9.50.

Oats for February, 17 5-8c; close, 17 5-8c. Estimates at Chicago for to-morrow: Wheat, 65 cars; corn, 265 cars; oats, 95 cars.

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Higher.

Wheat at the local exchange, as compared with yesterday, is up 3-4c. Trade was active and prices closed firm.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 67; 67 1-2c; then 67 3-8@67 1-2c; No. 3 soft red wheat, 65c; December wheat nominally 67 1-2c; May, 68 3-4c, and finally 69 1-4c; July wheat, 65 3-4c.

Corn—Dull, Firm.

Corn sold light, but was firm at the close. No. 2 mixed nominally, 27c; No. 2 May, 29 1-2c.

Oats—Quiet; No. 2 mixed, 19c; No. 2 white, 20c.

Rye—Dull. No. 2, 57 1-2c.

Clover Seed—Active, steady; prime cash and January, $4.40; February, $4.40; February, $4 42 1-2; March, $4.45. No. 2 seed, $4.17 1-2; rejected, $3.25. Receipts, 305 bags; shipments, 285 bags.

F. N. Quale report street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 65c; No. 2 white, 66c. Oats, mixed, 18c; white, 19c. Corn, 28c. Rye, 34c.

Toledo Produce Market.

Trade good. Butter holds well for top grades. Eggs steady. Fruits of good quality in good demand.

Butter—Ohio creamery, 23@24c; best Western creamery, 24@25c; fair quality creamery packed, 20@22c; finest dairy, 21@22c; best dairy rolls, 18@19c; best dairy solids, 17@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 21@22c; cold storage, 16@18c; lime solution, 14@16c.

Fruits—Cranberries, per bu, $2.50; apples, bbl., $1.25@2.25; pears, bu., $1.00@1.25.

Cheese—Ohio flats, 9@10c; Ohio standards, 9@9½c; New York firsts, 9@10c.

Vegetables—Beans, hand picked, medium, $1.10@1.15; handpicked marrow, $1.50@1.55; unpicked country cleaned 75@80c; lettuce, lb, 9@10c; squashes, per bu, 50@2.00; cauliflower, doz, $1.25@2.50; carrots, bu., 15@15c; parsnips, bu, 20@25c; turnips, bu, 15@15c; spinach, bu, 20@25c; potatoes, bu, 20@25c; cabbages, bbls., 70@75c; ton, $8.00@9.00; onions, bu, white, 30@35c; yellow, 25c.

Poultry, Dressed—Turkeys, lb., 10@11c; chickens, spring, lb., 9c; old fowls, 6c; geese, lb., 8c; ducks, lb., 9c. Live poultry—Turkeys, 7c; chickens, 6@6½c; geese, 8c; ducks, 9@10c.

Dressed meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs, $4.50; beef, lb., 4@5c; lambs, lb, 4½@5c; mutton, lb., 4c; calves, lb., 7½@8c.

Hides—Green No. 1 cows and steers, 5½c; No.